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MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI.

OUR lady readers will be glad to see the accompanying portrait of the famous Mademoiselle Piccolomini, who has just arrived in this country to fulfill an engagement at the Academy of Music in this city. She arrives among us fresh from European triumphs scarcely less enthusiastic than those which created the fame of Alboni and Jenny Lind.

By birth Mademoiselle Maria Piccolomini is a Tuscan. She first saw the light in the old town of Sienna, among the moth-eaten and mouldy relics of the Middle Ages, and under the shelter of some of the richest products of the genius of the Medicean era. Her family was noble. There have been Counts of the name. More than one Prince Piccolomini is mentioned in Italian chronicles. Greater than these, two Popes — Pius the Second and the Third — were named Piccolomini, and sprang from the same race as the gifted vocalist. They say that she is naturally proud of her family connection with the Papal chair, and that, with pardonable weakness, she long looked forward to the election to the Papal throne of her cousin, Cardinal Piccolomini, now almost in his dotage at Rome. Had he been chosen to succeed Gregory XVI., as Mademoiselle Piccolomini is reported to have wished, it is supposed that she would have become superior of one of the greatest convents in Italy, and would have devoted her great powers to the reform of conventual abuses.

Fate willed it otherwise. When Gregory died, Maria Piccolomini, a precocious child, with an uncommonly fine soprano voice, threw her whole soul into the art for which nature had fitted her. Her parents were opposed to seeing their child figure on the boards of a theatre; but their scruples were overcome. It is said by those who had ample means of obtaining information that their means were limited, and that the high-spirited girl insisted on contributing to their support instead of being a burden to them. At thirteen she commenced her studies at Florence, with a view to fit herself for the lyric stage.

A correspondent informs us that at this period an English nobleman who was residing at Florence met the young girl at the house of a Professor under whom she was studying, and was fascinated by her beauty and extraordinary grace. Young as she was, she was woman enough to be pleased with the unequivocal attentions of the Englishman. He accompanied her to her lessons, and escorted her home; listened to her songs, and drank in the music of love while she practiced the soft melodies of her native land; in brief, after a short courtship, the nobleman proposed. He offered his hand, his heart, and the magnificent estates which he possessed in one of the finest counties in England; parks larger than many a Grand Duchy in Italy, and a revenue which but few Italian potentates can boast of possessing. All this, unconditionally, the impatient lover laid at Piccolomini's feet. Our correspondent, who probably derives his information from the gossip of the day, assures us that the tender heart of the Italian maid was not insensible to the generous offers and the manly devotion of her lover. She was ready to accept him.

"Yes," said she, "you shall stay with me, and watch me make my *début* in one of our great operas."

"Ahem!" said the Englishman, who had no notion of seeing Lady —— singing to Italian *badauds*. "I think, dearest Maria, that when we are married you had better let other people sing in public, and reserve your beautiful voice for me."

"What! and give up my fame?"

"That is what I mean," replied the haughty Englishman, coldly.

"Then, Sir, I reject your offers. I had sooner be a great artist than the first lady in your land."

And his lordship was fain to be content with the irrevocable decision of the child artist.

It was in 1852, when she was sixteen, that she first met the public on the boards of the Carignan Theatre at Florence. She played Lucrezia; and to an audience so highly cultivated, and so familiar with the performance of the greatest artists of the century, that not a fault or a blemish could escape them. Who shall describe the nervous tremor which thrilled through the heart of our poor little Italian girl as she ventured upon a part so freshly illustrated by the greatest lyric geniuses of the age? She sang it, however, with infinite feeling; she acted like a consummate mistress of the art. When the opera was over frantic applause proclaimed the *début* of "the little Maria" a complete success. Twenty consecutive nights was the opera repeated; and on each occasion the success of the *débutante* was made more certain. On the last night of her engagement, as she issued from the theatre to return home, she found that the young men of Florence had unharnessed her horses, and were prepared to draw her carriage to her residence. Her Southern blood boiled at the sight.

"No, no," she cried, with flashing eye and flushed cheek; "men should have more pride than to undertake the office of beasts! Italy, gentlemen, has higher and nobler duties for you all than to draw a singer's carriage through the streets!"

With which just reprimand she left her admirers, and escaping from the theatre by a side door, found her way home quietly, not a little shocked, she said, to find that so much ardor had been wasted by her countrymen for such a purpose.

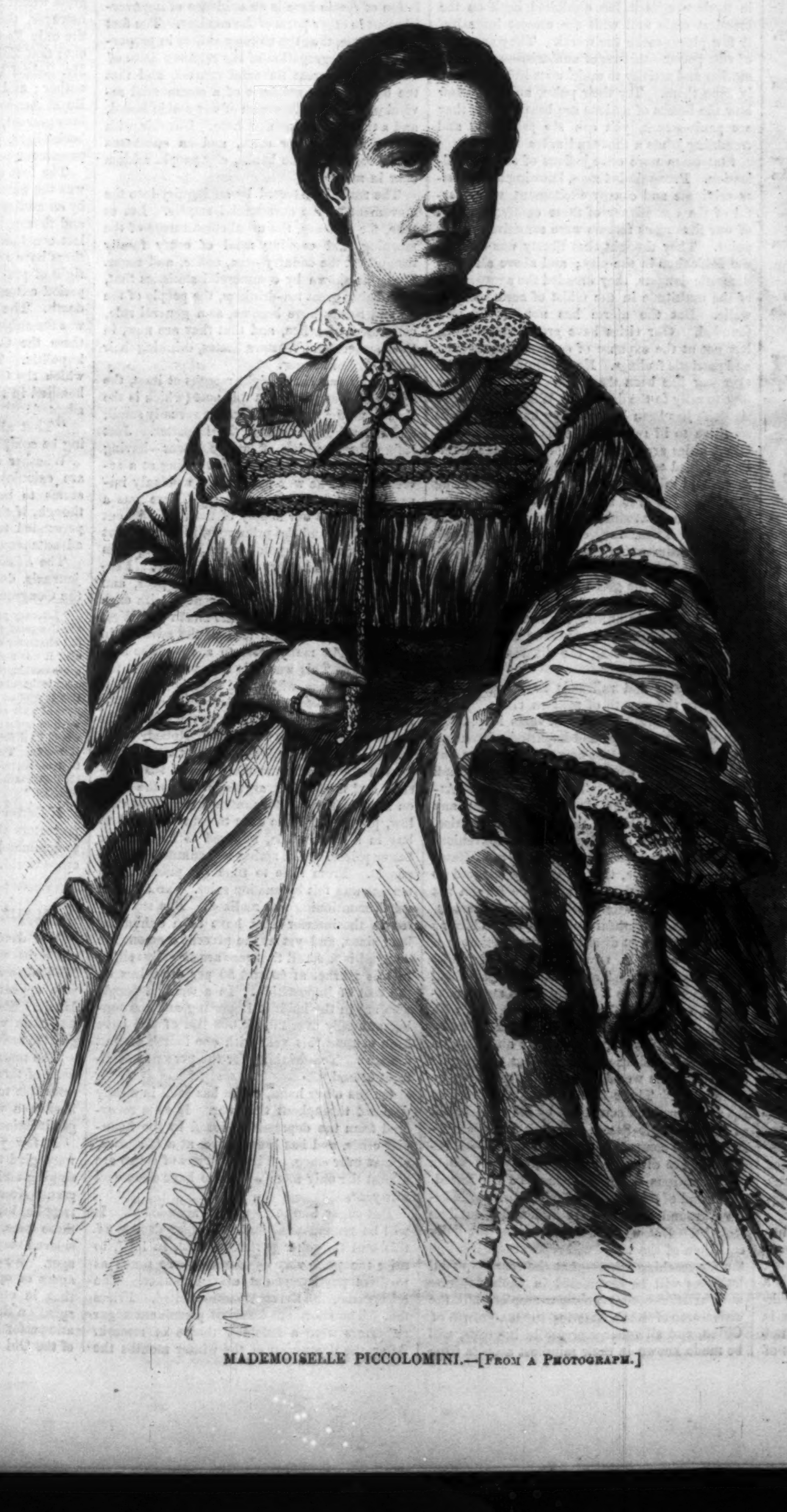
The next four years of her life were spent in Italy. No audiences in the world are so admirably fitted to train a singer as those of the great Italian towns. In the theatres of Venice, Florence, Genoa, Milan, and Naples, if a singer should make a false note, a great groan from the whole pit and parquet would testify their detection of the crime. No false reputations can pass current there. In this severe school Piccolomini was trained. She acquired during her training not only sound musical principles, but principles of a higher order; she became at an early age deeply imbued with patriotic feelings, and those peculiar yearnings for independence which absorb the energy of the best Italians. On one occasion, during her triumphant career in some Italian city, the young men of the town assembled round her dwelling to serenade her. She was furious at the attempt. Bursting open the window, she appeared before them on the balcony, and with her grand tragic air quelled the noise, and silenced the music with a wave of her hand and a glance of her eye.

"Peace!" she cried. "Keep your strength for Italy; our country needs this energy of yours far more than I do. *Addio!*"

And she entered her room, closing the window after her, and leaving her audience not a little abashed by the wholesome reproof.

In 1856 Mademoiselle Piccolomini was invited to leave Italy and appear before an English audience. Her career, as well in France as in England, has ever since then been one of unmitigated success. She has performed all the great soprano parts in the popular operas, and in each and all has won enthusiastic applause. Nice critics have picked flaws in this or that performance; but the public at large, as well in London as in Paris and Italy, have fairly idolized the beautiful young singer. It may truly be said of her that she has won as many hearts as she has had attentive listeners.

Her greatest part is said to be that of Violetta, in *La Traviata*. This opera has been so frequently performed, and so well received throughout this country, that it were a mere waste of time to criticise it at present. It has an established place in the *repertoire* of every opera-house in the United States; and whatever exceptions may be taken to the subject or the story, it will none the less continue, for years to come, to be one of the most attractive operas of the day. Many critics have expressed surprise at



MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

the perfect rendering of the part of Violetta by Mademoiselle Piccolomini. She is known to be as pure, and as far above the least breath of scandal, as Jenny Lind herself; yet in this part she portrays, with a vividness which has rarely been equaled, the dying agonies, the passionate love, and the heart-rending remorse of a poor creature, to whom death's cruelest pang is the fearful prospect of punishment for a life of sin. With the intuition of true genius she has divined emotions which, in real life, have been, and ever will be, strangers to her innocent heart.

It is not often that the highest gifts of genius are allied to the best moral endowments; we have every reason to believe that Mademoiselle Piccolomini is as amiable and as truly good in private life as she is great and admirable as an artist.

BLACKBERRIES.

I.

BLACK as Beauty's tresses,
Sweet as Love's caresses,
Darlings of the people, beloved of high and low,
Dear to age and childhood,
Gleaming in the wild wood,
Peeping to the sunshine in every green hedge-row,
Berries of the bramble,
How I love to ramble
Through the shady valleys, and pluck you as I go!

II.

Your luxuriant treasure,
Stintless, out of measure,
Fills me with such feeling of recklessness and joy;
With such sense of rapture
At the wealth of capture,
Prodigal as sunbeams where the wavelets toy,
I laugh at Time and trial,
And on his sunny dial
Turn back the creeping shadows and feel I'm yet a boy.

III.

Come hither, little maiden,
With wicker basket laden;
And thou, oh peasant urchin, with cheeks like dawning day;
We'll all go forth together,
Free as the wind and weather,
And pluck the luscious blackberries that ripen by the way;
You of the world unweeting,
I from the world retreating,
To taste a simple pleasure, and prize it while I may!

CHARLES MACKAY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

THE GREAT PRIZE-FIGHT.

WITHOUT doubt the leading event of last week—to a large mass of the people of New York, and the other large cities—was the prize-fight which took place between Morrissey and Heenan not far from the city of Buffalo. Other events there were, of no small import—congressional nominations, speeches of political aspirants, début of Mademoiselle Piccolomini, the success of Miles Standish, arrival of steamers from Europe, departure of war-vessels for Paraguay—but all of these were overshadowed and swallowed up by the great boxing-match at Long Point. On Thursday, especially, there was nothing heard of—up town, down town, and in the country—but the great prize-fight, and the wonderful skill and science, and luck and pluck, and gentleness and behavior generally, of Morrissey and his antagonist, the Benicia Boy.

The popularity of prize-fighting as a newspaper topic is unquestionable. The best authority pronounces that a report of a prize-fight will sell a newspaper more widely than the news of a Presidential election, or of the loss of a steamer like the *Arctic*. On Wednesday afternoon, men of high social standing met each other with the invariable remark, "Any thing from Buffalo?" On Thursday morning, the rush for the paper which happened to contain the only report of the fight was frantic. Copies were in demand at a shilling a piece, and at 10 A.M., in some parts, as the financial reporters would say, the market for *Heralds* was buoyant at a quarter. The prize-fight was, we venture to assert, the only topic discussed that morning in bank-parlors, counting-rooms, and offices generally throughout this city—to say nothing of bar-rooms, and places of like character. What are we to infer? That the brutal element in our nature is simply vailed over by social habits, but that it will tear away the vail under adequate provocation? Is there a Bank President in New York who could resist being present at a bull-fight if he thought nobody would recognize him?

The best joke, decidedly, about the fight has been the classification of the combatants according to political belief and national affinity. Thus we have been told that one of them is a Republican, the other a Democrat. It is touching to think that Mr. Morrissey had politics in his eye when he planted his left on the nob of Heenan; who, in like manner, thought of "the Union," and the shocking designs of the Abolitionists, as he let fly his right and drew the ruby from the nose of Morrissey. Such views ennoble the scene. Again, we are notified that Morrissey represented the foreign element, while Heenan typified the Native American bruiser. Both, we believe, are Irishmen, if not by birth, at least by descent, education, name, and affinity. The poignant chagrin which true patriots must feel on hearing of the defeat of the Native American champion is mitigated by the reflection that, in this case, the nativity of our native American was probably Cork or Limerick. But, after all, in the present condition of the intellectual labor market, who would expect a native of Massachusetts or Virginia to earn his living by prize-fighting?

TELEGRAPHIC CENTRES.

THE world has always had its great centres of thought and action. Power of mind, power of political and social progress, every power essential to civilization has concentrated in them. The pioneers of every age have gone out from them.

It must be so in the very nature of things. Not more necessary is such a central organ as the heart in the body, sending the vital current to the extremities and keeping all parts warm and healthful, than are such centres of intellect and business for the life and vigor of humanity. Concentration is a social instinct. Society never grows without developing its full force. Men in mass are as true to it as they are in individual existence to the law of self-preservation. It has never failed to show itself. And in modern ages it has exhibited itself on the broadest scale and with the utmost intensity. A few places make the world. They are seats of vast power—thrones of authority—sources of motion and activity to multitudes living remotely from them. Try their pulse, and you know how the hearts of nations are beating. If they are panic-struck, you can see pale faces and trembling joints a thousand miles distant.

Statesmen were once jealous of this centralization. Free-minded men, knowing how masses originate and convey excitement, were fearful of the ascendency of these centres. Some of our illustrious fathers were sensitive on this point. They thought that liberty was safer in the fields than in the city; and above all other domestic dangers, they dreaded the aggregation of the multitude in the midst of acres of brick walls. But the alarm has not proved well founded. Our cities have grown immensely, but not at the expense of conservative wisdom and patriotic feelings. No, far from it. Whenever war has been threatened, they have been first to rally to the defense. Whenever domestic strife has been hottest, they have been most sensitive to ill results. Nor is this surprising. Great cities are the abodes of cultivated intellect, refined tastes, vast wealth. With all the crime and misery in them, the preponderating mind and the true numerical strength always have too much at stake to be fanatical and hot-blooded. Then, too, cities universalize the leading sentiments of the day. Like reflectors, they catch every ray of light that streams from any quarter of the globe and throw it over the whole land. Moreover, they are mighty bonds of union, not only uniting the local interests of nations, but establishing common ties of brotherhood and cementing the different races of men.

Steamboats and railroads have contributed greatly to the growth of modern cities. More recently, telegraphs have put them in connection with the country, and imparted a fresh impulse to business. Just now we have taken one step toward the consummation of a telegraph system for the world. The success of the Atlantic telegraph has demonstrated that any thing is practicable in this line of enterprise. Man has at his command a most convenient and easily managed agency, that annihilates time and distance, that is equally adapted to land and water, that can go where he can not go and can work where he is utterly powerless, and that is as truthful and obedient to him as the oldest and best disciplined servant that executes his will. A new order of things must speedily grow up. Trade and intercourse will adapt themselves to it as they did to steam navigation and railroad communication, and with much more striking results. There is every reason to believe that New York and London will be the leading centres of that telegraphic system for the world, which will, ere long, be established. Three-fourths of the commerce of the world are now controlled by the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, but a vast extension of this commerce must now take place, because of the dispatch and certainty with which the operations of business may be conducted. The mind of this wonderful race, borne by lightning around the globe, is in itself a sublime thought. But when we reflect that the daily condition of the world will report itself through the far-reaching wires—that the seasons of all latitudes will be chronicled in their progress and variations—that the sugar-crop of Cuba, the coffee-crop of South America, the tea-growth of China, and all other mercantile interests, will be made known in their minutest aspects from week to week; when we take these things into our reckoning, it almost transcends the power of human thought to compute the results. One fact is certain, viz., that immense business operations can go on much more safely; that trade will not be exposed to such sudden and violent revulsions; that the commercial transactions of men will be much more nearly conformed to a recognized standard; and hence, that there will be a far greater degree of unity and sympathy in the practical relations of the different sections of the globe. New York and London—representing the commercial power of England and America—are destined to be the centres of the new economy of trade. Already they are the factors of a large part of the civilized world; already their influence is more gigantic than any monarch's. In amplitude of resources, in extent of connections, in facilities for distributing, these two cities have the ascendency. They are without rivals in all the elements of a vast commercial system. Nothing is wanting but telegraphic communication with the world; and so soon as this is secured New York and London will present a spectacle of prosperity, of grandeur, of civilizing sway, that will form a new epoch even in the history of the brilliant imagination of the age.

WHAT THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES ARE DRINKING.

LAST year's revulsion seems to have produced some singular effects on the people of this country. Here, in the metropolis, we hardly realize them. We see constantly before us the evidences of a monetary plethora in Wall Street, and few of us remember that this very accumulation of specie here is an evidence of impoverishment in other parts of the country. The fact is, of course, that the country suffers in proportion to the aggregation of the representative of value at the great financial centres, and that the best possible evidence of a commercial revival would be a dispersion of our specie hoard, and a tight money market here. But this, with money at three per cent., and an enormous specie reserve in the banks, city people seldom bear in mind.

The truth is detected by an inquiry into the movement of the commercial staples. Let us take, for instance, the usual constituents of the morning and evening meal of every family throughout the country—tea, coffee, and sugar. It can be shown by commercial statistics that, from being great tea-drinkers, the people of the United States have become, as a general rule, consumers of coffee, and that they are now, in the Northern and Western States, drinking their coffee without sugar.

For the past six or eight months at least, the sales of imported teas at this port (which is the type of all the ports) have been unusually small, and the prices ruinous to the importer. Just before the revulsion of last year teas—having been imported in excess—were selling at a severe loss. The war with China suddenly imparted vitality to the market. There was a possibility that our supply of tea might be cut off for years, and the price rose, in a very short space of time, to a point which left a profit on the importation. But what happened? People, throughout the country, were poor, and sought to retrench. As if by concert with each other, families throughout the North and West began to dispense with tea—at the advance in price—and in many cases to adopt coffee as a substitute. This was only discovered when the great tea houses, which had been holding their cargoes throughout the long depression of 1856–7, attempted to realize on them at the advance in value. They found it impossible. Nobody wanted tea. At first it was understood that the dullness of the market was the result of the revulsion, and the holders, arguing that, as the stock on hand in the interior must necessarily be very low, people would be sure to come forward to buy in a short while, resolved to hold on for better prices. The spring and summer of 1858 passed. From time to time the pulse of the market was felt by auction sales. No advance worth mentioning was realized. The stock of tea in the interior must have been exhausted long since, and yet at the present moment the demand is so small that teas are actually selling in this market at 40 and 50 per cent. loss on the cost of importation. In a word, a people who are in the habit of importing and consuming annually over 20,000,000 lbs. of tea, have been content this year with one fourth of that amount. Tea-drinking for the present has almost ceased.

On the other hand, coffee has been in steady demand throughout the year. It soon recovered from the depression caused by the financial crisis, and has been active, at a fair price, almost ever since. The importers of coffee are almost the only merchants who have done well this year.

But sugar, like tea, has been abandoned. It will be remembered that the sugar dealers of this and the other ports contrived, in 1857, to raise the price very considerably—so much as to drive purchasers out of the market. The crisis came, and the combination failed. Prices fell. The enormous losses of prominent sugar importers were a common theme of remark. After the depression of the winter months the holders of sugar comforted themselves with the assurance that, as sugar was a necessary of life, and as the stock held in the country was very small, the market would soon revive. Like their brethren of the tea-market, they waited for better times. They never came. Spring and summer elapsed without revival in sugar. The country grocers did not want any. Even the city grocers only bought "from hand to mouth." The stock on hand went down, but, contrary to all experience, prices did not go up. For the past three months less sugar has been sold to the trade than was ever known during the like period before. At the present time the stock on hand is so small that any sudden demand would cause the price to rise a hundred per cent.; and before the next crop came in, the market might be altogether cleaned out. Yet, even now, the price is steadily declining.

These curious phenomena can only be explained on the hypothesis that the people of the United States, as a whole, have given up tea-drinking, and are taking their coffee without sugar.

THE PUBLISHERS' CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS.

SEVERAL hundred gentlemen met together at Brussels, on 27th September, and organized themselves into a Convention which they seem to have called the "Congress of Literary and Artistic property." The object of the Convention was declared to be the reform of the copyright laws in force in Europe, and the establishment of a uniform law for the protection of literature and art. It was supposed, in this country, that the bulk of the members of the Congress would be authors and artists. It seems, however, that M. Scribe, the dramatist, was the only French author of note who was present; that English Literature was represented by Mr. Robert Bell, who is said to be a dramatic author; and English Art by Mr. Knight, of the Royal Academy. Of the three hundred members present, all but a score or so were either booksellers, publishers, or lawyers retained by prominent bookselling houses.

The first question taken up by the Congress was the nature of the right of property enjoyed by an author in his works. This topic was fully and thoroughly discussed, and the Congress at last concluded to yield the point for which authors have so long contended, and to limit the right of property, in a book or work of art, to a period extending fifty years after the author's death. The next important question dealt with was the subject of duties and postages on books: these the Congress naturally adjudged to be impolitic. The only other noteworthy matter which the Congress seems to have decided is handled in the following resolution, which was adopted:

"That all formalities which fetter bookselling be completely suppressed."

Whether such reforms as are here proposed are calculated to benefit authors and artists seems to be a matter of some uncertainty—though, if the governments of Europe can be persuaded to act upon them, they may prove advantageous to publishers and booksellers.

The *Siècle*, one of the most able of the Paris journals, does not think much of the labors of the Congress. It says:

> "Literary property, such as it has been understood by the Congress, no longer merits the name, since the essential character of it (duration) has been refused. Wherever it was necessary to throw light on a subject the Congress enveloped every thing in clouds of obscurity. It is also to be observed that when it adopted a wise resolution it applied to a fact already accomplished, and which formed part of our laws. Decidedly, if a Belgian poet were to undertake to sing the labors of the Congress, it would be difficult for him to compare them to those of Hercules. There has been nothing changed in the question of literary property by the Congress of Brussels; all that has taken place has been some speeches and a banquet."

If European literature and art have no better protectors than such "congresses," they ought to command the respectful sympathy of a generous world.

MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI.

WE devote a considerable portion of our space this week to a portrait and biography of Mademoiselle Piccolomini, the famous singer who appeared last week at the Academy of Music. She is to be followed by Joanna Wagner, than whom, perhaps, there never lived a greater artist.

The remark we wish to make on the appearance of these gifted singers in this country has reference to the development of extravagance, if such a word can be used in regard to the gratification of musical taste.

A few years ago the people of New York were glad to go to hear any fourth or fifth-rate singing melodies from popular operas at a concert. Now nothing will "take," in this metropolis, but the greatest stars of Europe—and these stars, in a profusion which would be considered very liberal in a London or Paris manager. No expense is too great for opera managers or opera goers. It may be safely said that, in one way and another, more money is spent on the gratification of the taste for operatic performances in New York than in any city of the Old World.

It is so with other luxuries. Much has been said about the want of a hereditary class of wealthy people here. But if we had dukes and lords by the hundred, it is doubtful whether we should spend more than we do for costly singers, fine pictures, expensive works of art, gorgeous books, and grand houses. London and Paris, in comparison with New York, are careful and even niggardly.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SUMMER OF ST. MARTIN.

If the recent days were not the Indian summer, the Indian summer is supplanted by a rival quite as lovely and bewitching. It has been perfectly Piccolomini weather—provided you forget the autumn. So bright, so gay, so sweet, so soft, the atmosphere has lain upon the earth like a warm flush upon a hectic cheek! Disease has been forgotten in beauty, and Death in splendor. It was too fair to last, yet it lasted; and those of us who secretly believe that the Indian summer comes in November are already forecasting delight.

Then scarcely will the regular old Indian summer have gone before Thanksgiving will be coming in, escorted by a procession of pumpkins, and trumpeted by gobbling turkeys. Then Father Christmas, with snowy locks, will pass us on to the New Year, and snow-birds and January thaws begin to presage spring. So, like sailors that skirt a continent stretching from headland to cape and bay, we mariners of time sweep from one point of beauty to another, and circumnavigate the year.

THE PICCOLOMINI.

She came, and smiled, and conquered. The curtain rose before a vast assembly crowding the most striking opera-house in the world—every place filled, and every eye expectant. The slow, unmeaning, and low sounds of the introduction ended. A scene of lights and revelry and splendor succeeded. There was a doubtful murmur of expectation, and then a small, plump, rosy, radiant, refined figure advanced to the footlights, was greeted with solid, hearty applause—but with no enthusiasm—bowed and smiled, smiled and bowed, until every body saw that the personal charm of the new Prima Donna had not been exaggerated, and then the play proceeded.

La Traviata is the poorest and most degenerate of all operas, and yet it is the one best adapted for the peculiar talent of Piccolomini. When the curtain fell upon the first act, and she was warmly recalled to be applauded and caressed with admiring eyes, and showered with bouquets, which she gathered in her arms, and gracefully smiling and bending with unaffected enjoyment of the triumph of the moment, it was clear that in Piccolomini we had a lovely woman with a dramatic talent as fresh and flexible as her sweet, soft, girlish voice; who could not sing very skillfully, but whose musical declamation and acting were so harmonious that the effect of the whole was delightful.

When the drop fell upon the second act it was clear that her voice had a tearful pathos, a natural plaintiveness rather than passion, which went straight to the heart, and gave it a pleasure like that of the best private singing of ballads by twilight fires and by sweet domestic voices. Through the last act—which is the most disgusting and dreary of any act in any opera—there was the same persuasive tenderness, never reaching the heights of great passion, but sweet and simple and beautiful.

It was, upon the whole, a singularly complete and harmonious performance. It was all in the same key, all in exquisite keeping Other singers are more effective in certain points and passages, which are followed by dead, indifferent intervals. But Piccolomini's is the most even, uniform, and proportioned performance of any that we have ever seen upon the operatic stage, excepting Jenny Lind's. It is never great, but always good.

We say that *La Traviata* is admirably adapted to her power, because, as she is not a good vocalist, but declaims rather than sings, using her voice merely to shade and color the libretto, as it were, she would appear best in an opera which was a long musical declamation rather than in one which bubbled over with distinct melodies and songs, as in operas which are dependent upon the singing and not the acting. *La Traviata* is a play set to music, *La Somnambula* is a story told in a series of songs. We do not say which is most truly an opera, because an opera is a very vague affair. Modern taste sets, now at least, to the former.

Charming, sweet, fresh, lovely, smiling, joyous Piccolomini! The audience acknowledged the kind and degree of the spell. It was nothing grand, nothing imposing or impressive; it was not a great artist, or singer, or woman; but it was a delightful little lady. Nobody was thrilled, nor did any gust of enthusiasm sweep the audience; and when all was over, instead of a burst of acclamation, as at the end of operas in which the composer's object has been musical effect and not a dramatic situation, and in which, consequently, the last scene is generally the culmination of musical interest and skill—instead of this there was a quiet sense of pleasure in a very agreeable evening, made a little restless by uncertainty and expectation both on the stage and in the house.

But who is not glad to know that the days are come in which we are not to sit at the second table and eat the feast cold after Europe has gorged itself, but that we are to have the singing birds in their prime, and the roses in the bud!

THE PROUD DAY.

The profound excitement is over. The long expectation is past, and the event which honors the century and the country is accomplished. Every man may now feel prouder of his manhood, and rejoice to see that in an event so truly inspiring and noble his fellow-citizens have felt an interest, which shows how essentially refined and humane are the popular sympathies and the instincts of the public. No wonder the telegraph toiled to throw the least circumstance into the fullest light. No wonder the newspapers—those reverend conservators of public morals, those sincere advocates of just causes, those independent interpreters of the popular sentiment, seeking only the "terewth"—published the reports in double-leaded paragraphs, with imposing heads worthy the august say and deed.

It is not the successful working of the Atlantic wire that we celebrate, nor a Pacific railway completed, nor the safety of the remainder of the Austria's passengers, nor bloodless settlement of the Paraguay trouble, nor a new invention, nor the discovery of a new poet or philosopher, or of a new island or continent, or of some boon to the race by which pain may be lessened or crime diminished—not at all, not at all. Such trumpery events we leave to dull aldermen, ministers, professional philanthropists, old women, and religious newspapers. That's a spoony kind of thing, that no gentleman has time for. Here is game worthy the mettle of a man.

The great event over which public interest has been hanging, and after which it breathes more freely with noble pride is, that "Heenan came up staggering and looked pitiful, the fight being entirely out of him from Morrissey's severe hitting in the latter part of the fight. He was hardly able to stand up; and when Morrissey went up to him his guard went down, and Morrissey hit him a very severe blow on the jugular, which knocked him out of time, and he fell on his face, Morrissey stepping away from him. Both Heenan and Morrissey were very badly cut, and had to be brought away on beds."

It is delightful to know that the due celebration of this auspicious event is not to end here. Gentlemen in Wall Street and elsewhere—who have been so profoundly pained by the atrocities upon Sepoy Island, who could not bear to think of a law being set aside, and, above all, who shuddered at the crying inhumanity of the Sepoys—are preparing a reception for the Hon. John Morrissey which shall be worthy of that companion, if not friend, of the late lamented William Poole, whom the city buried with stately obsequies, worthy, also, of the great and glorious event in which he has distinguished himself, and of the profound interest manifested in its issue by the public aforesaid.

The friends of true courage, of manliness, and simple worth—all who believe that the duty of men who enjoy means and leisure, and opportunities of education, is to promote a high public interest in manly and honorable pursuits, and who wish, by showing in what subjects they are interested, to stimulate the ambition of the working men of the country, meet daily in Wall Street and its purlieus to prepare an ovation which shall express the pride and satisfaction of gentlemen in the distinguished public career of the Hon. John Morrissey.

TO VICTORIA REGINA.

A sudden summer-lightning flash! revealing
All cloud-land, gleaming in the gathering night,
And on the dim horizon slowly stealing
In forms of ghostly beauty, still and white!

Through the blank darkness snowy peaks are flushing,
Wild magic lights and tender shadows play;
From glacier caves come foam-wreathed cataracts rushing,
And Alpine realms dart instant into day.

Thus have thine eyes' quick flashes for me lighted
The future, dark with mist-wreaths, vague and wild,
And shown me glory, where I, yet benighted,
Saw but a gloom of toppling storm-clouds piled.

New vistas open—labyrinths of beauty—
Bright spiritual glimpses—angel forms—
And more—the higher heaven of love and duty,
Where quiet stars outwatch our earthly storms.

Pure, piercing lightnings! beautiful in terror!
Before whose glance the false and foul are driven,
Flood all my heart! till cleansed from every error,
It breathes the air of stainless summer heaven!

O. L. R.

Nightingale House.

THE NEW POEM.

Pierre d'Auvergne, one of the old troubadours, says, "Every good song is quite different from every other;" and all songs which did not directly treat of love were called by them *sirventes*, or the squires of songs, not songs themselves. As the songs themselves had this difference of rank, so had the singers. The troubadour—*trovatore*, or *troveur*—was the poet, who found, invented, created the poem; the *jongleurs* were the minstrels, who sang the song in public.

Who is not reminded of these things by the circumstances that attend the new poem of Longfellow's? The Saturday evening of its publication restored to Boston a pleasure which we have thought went out with chivalry, or survived only in the eternal Middle Age of Eastern cities. The *jongleur* sang once more a song which he had not composed and his audience had never heard. And so charmed were they, so successful was the enterprise, that new *jongleurs* arise in every part of the country, and happy throngs sit delighted to hear how

"In the old colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan captain."

Hearing the long roll of musical story they sit delighted and touched, like Arabs by the fire in the desert, or Syrians at the *café* in Damascus, listening to the deeds of Antar the hero.

For all men are at heart the same, and to that heart every poet sings. The grace, the melody, the tenderness, the pathos, the cheerfulness which inspire, and soothe, and charm—the spell of the troubadour, who conquers by pure music—that of the dramatist, who shakes with terror—that of the epic bard, who commands by descriptive power—are all genuine, natural, and human; yet "every good song is quite different from every other."

It is singular that the most scholarly and elaborate of our poets, whose genius has seemed to many too much in love with literature, should be the one who has sung the most national of our songs. "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," are purely American; and yet they have the nameless poetic grace, and are entirely free from that sense of barrenness and commonplace which so many secretly feel must be inseparable from poetry that treats of home. Longfellow touches the actual facts of our history, as Tennyson the long, level fens and common landscape of England, with the essential charm of poetry. His genius goes to the shores of Acadie, and muses upon that exquisitely bitter episode of history: the world follows; and whenever the school-boy reads of it his mind will rise into the realm of beauty and love the poet has created about it; as, when he reads of the stern, grim men who stepped upon the rock at Plymouth, he will remember at the same moment the lily and the rose which the poet has found there, and tosses to us in the new volume.

"But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part:
Like the river swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart,"

as he sings of Oliver Basselin.

What a beautiful service it is to compel us to reflect upon all the soft and gentle spots in those tough hearts—to think of the simple feelings that swayed and rang in the lives of the old Puritans as the slim, bowing grain whispered in the graveyard—in God's Acre—on the hill above Plymouth! The poet has opened a window looking to the warm south, and a ray of tender light streams in and softens the face of the portrait that was so stern.

As, walking with an artist through a pleasant country, we find a picturesqueness of which we had not dreamed, so reading history with a poet we are amazed at the passages of beauty which had escaped our duller eyes. For the poet is the seer as well as the sayer.

It is no wonder that so beautiful a poem should draw new readers into the public field. The troubadour Longfellow is happy in his *jongleurs*; and we notice that Miss Virginia Vaughan, a young lady whom private report most warmly praises, is to make her first public appearance on Thursday evening at Dodworth's rooms as a reader of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Let us hasten to hear from a fresh womanly voice the old, old story, newly told, of

"Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers."

MORE "SENTENCES."

Trespassing love, like a fox, is often caught in a trap.

Writing Poetry.—When emotion finds utterance, the right words spring to the impassioned thought like particles to a magnet.

It is a modest act and a pretty thought—that of the fern-leaf hiding its flower.

The new snow of the morning is often heard at evening in the brook.

When humor titillates the nerves, laughter is born; when sorrow presses them, tears are brought.

Dat am a *felin'* paw, as Congo said when the cat scratched him.

A Fair Slander.—The girl who undertook to write *amanuensis* could never get beyond *a-man*—:

Lovers are galvanic batteries in connection. They who meddle with the wires are apt to get shocked. (A shocking pun.)

American literature has a curiosity—a man who *talks poetry* with a *prose-pen:* as such he is Thoreau.

Matron.—"Those are the camels, my son."
Boy.—"Oh! with their *backs up!*"

The heart is a well of emotion. Not he who can agitate its surface most is the greater master, but he who reaches deepest, waking the sweetest ecstasy. Thus Wordsworth, Hood, Brontë. Labor, and talent, and learning, must all succumb to the quiet reachings of the heart by simple men in earnest.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"New York, *October*, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—My attention has been called to a 'criticism' upon my 'criticism,' signed 'Otsdawa.' Your correspondent rejoices in a most musical name (a lady, I suppose), and is quite witty at my expense. However, as she has attacked me, she must not complain if I accept your proffer to 'fight my own battle,' and prove that she has more *wit* than true critical taste.

"Otsdawa quotes my line, 'I *differ with* you, and wish to know if you support my difference,' and asks, 'Does he wish it to be understood that he differs *with* you, or that he differs *from* you?' Again, she says, 'And yet he asks whether you *support* his difference. What *does* he mean?'

"If Otsdawa will permit me, I will state what I consider the true use and meaning of the verb 'differ' and preposition 'with' in my sentence. To 'differ' means, as used by me, 1. To disagree, not to allow; 2. To contend, to be at variance, to dispute: all of which significations require the use of the preposition *with*, not *from*. The substantive *difference*, in the sense of the verb *differ*, means in my sentence *disagreement*, which disagreement I ask you, my Lounger, to support, sustain, or admit—of course, after due explanation and argument on my part, which I think I gave in my last note.

"In support of my position I will adduce some of the most classic writers of the English language, for Otsdawa's benefit:

"'There are certain measures to be kept, which have a tendency rather to gain than to irritate those who *differ with* you in their sentiments.'—Addison.

"'Others *differ with* me about the truth and reality of these speculations.'—Cheyne.

"'Here, uncontrolled, you may in judgment sit;
We'll never *differ with* a crowded pit.'—Rowe.

"These I might multiply many times over; but enough. Otsdawa would have me convey the meaning, or give me the option so to do, of *separateness*, the *being distinct from*, etc., which would, in my sentence, have destroyed the sense I wished.

"Men differ *from* brutes; the stars differ one *from* another, etc.; but you and I, dear Lounger, differed *with* each other. Is Otsdawa satisfied now?

"With great modesty—in which, however, I must yield to your correspondent—I am, as ever, very truly yours, Tom Collins."

—"Job," who wrote to the Lounger lately hoping to unearth the remaining stanzas of a poem which he imperfectly remembered, has found two comforters. "J. P. S.," of Boston, and "Ye Clerk," of Augusta, Georgia, satisfy his wish as follows:

"Up in Podunk, where the thistle
Blooms, dies, and rots;
Where the winter whirlwinds whistle
All round the lots—

"Lived the slickest gal you ever
Saw in your life;
Ankle like a blue beech lever,
Voice like a fife.

"As I sat by her a courtin',
Calm and serene—
With her apron she was sportin',
Checkered and clean.

"Mingled was our hash together;
All day we sat,
A chawin' gum in winter weather,
Happy as fat.

"Long I stuck to her like teasles,
Summer and fall;
But she went off with the measles,
Ankle and all."

"Jonesburg, *Sept.*, 1858.

"Dear Mr. Lounger.—We have another little baby at our house—it is a dear little girl! Don't it startle you? Why, I am sure it did every body here; and, as you are such a regular visitor, I felt as if you were an intimate friend. Every body is in ecstasies over the dear little stranger! All say it is so pretty and so sweet! And it is just on this point that I wish to write to you. For once in my life I wish to be convinced that I am wrong.

"I wish you could just see the little darling! To be sure sister has another one—a boy—that could call me aunt *almost* by the time I took off pinafores; but this is a girl, and, as a matter of course, she is to be a great belle, very pretty, and extravagantly accomplished, which causes my present uneasiness. Now, when the little boy was born, I was not much surprised nor disappointed that he did look like other babies; but this little girl surely would surpass all others. I must confess that, for several hours, it was with great difficulty, and some doubt, that I could distinguish the child from the flannel wrapper (why will mothers persist in wrapping their infants in *red* flannel?—the contrast, certainly, is not *striking*); but when I did succeed sufficiently to base an opinion upon, you can hardly imagine my horror to see the little divinity looking for all the world like all other babies that I had seen; the same scarlet complexion, ugly nose, and doubtful colored but certainly squint eyes, that were the distinguishing characteristics of Sal Simpkin's mother's fat, ugly baby.

"Although I have not seen many new-born babies, I fear I have some misgivings about 'our little baby,' as we so affectionately call her; but its grandma, for whom the child is named, confidently assures me that it is perfectly beautiful; and as she is older, and seen more of them than I have, she ought to know better; and didn't the doctor say it was the finest child he ever saw, and he *ought* to know. To be sure he said the same thing about Sal Simpkin's mother's brat, and Nancy Jones's sister's too; but then he knew well enough he could not flatter our folks as he evidently did them, so you see I must, or rather ought, to give up to the opinions of older persons who are more capable of judging than I can possibly be.

* * * * *

"I suggest that the *little beauty* (I will call her so, anyhow!) is bow-legged; grandma replies that all babies are so *at first:* if I hint that the complexion is *most* too red to be becoming, she tells me all babies are so *at first:* if I don't like the shape of its nose, or object to the curve of the chin, I am told that *all* babies are so *at first* (what horrid objects must *all* babies be *at first*, except ours!); but she points out in how many ways 'our baby' surpasses all others, and how very sweet it is all the while it lies perfectly listless, more like a bundle of cast-off clothes than any thing else.

"If I *still* persist in not seeing all these things, I am afraid you will think I am a very blind girl, or, what is worse, won't see. Won't you take it for granted that it is a very uncommon baby? I want every body to think so—and tell me your views about new-born babies. I have great confidence in your opinion, even though you be a bachelor. *Do* convince me that my fears are groundless, and that our baby is what they say it is. I don't think I am skeptical about it, but I shouldn't need if you show me that I am. * * * * Puss."

—Did Miss "Puss" ever read that story, in the old reading books, of the old workman who had been all round the world, and heard all the famous bells ringing their loudest peals and sweetest chimes, but when he returned to the village where he was born, and in whose church-tower hung the first bell he had ever moulded, he heard its clear sweet voice calling to him in the twilight, and clasping his hands, he sank down, weeping with pride, and melancholy, and remembrance? He had heard grander bells, louder bells, more famous bells, but none so dear and touching as his own.

"I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate:
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

"For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

—"O. L. R." is dissatisfied with "Visitor's" explanation of the President's neck, and suggests another theory, which, if the Lounger dared to publish, would procure his condemnation for High Treason.

—Orlando Pegtop wishes to know if the Lounger be a person or a myth. Why, Pegtop, if Daniel Lambert were but grass and the shadow of a shade, you should know that all Loungers are mere rubbish.

"OLD FATHER SAWYER."

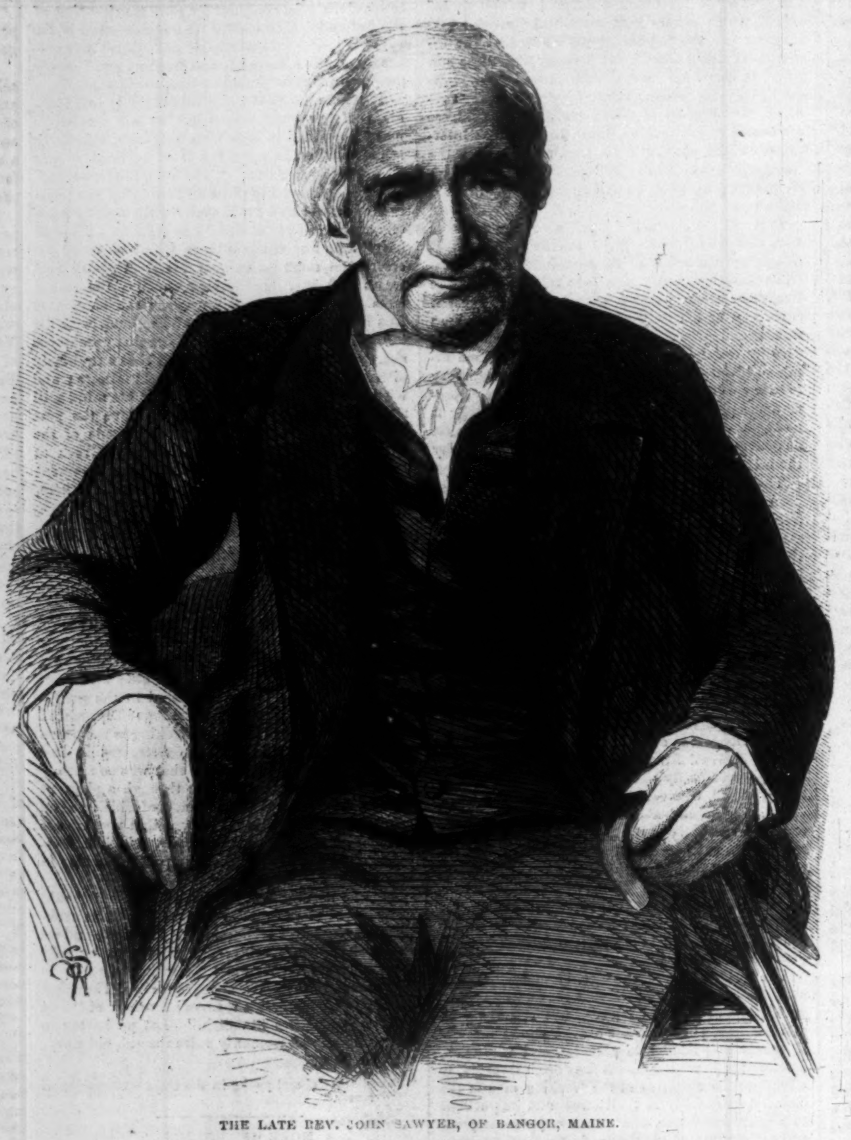
REV. JOHN SAWYER, of Bangor, Maine—who died on the 14th inst., aged one hundred and three years five days—was perhaps the oldest minister in the United States. He was familiarly called "Old Father Sawyer," as he furnished a remarkable instance of physical and intellectual activity continued to a "green old age." New England is noted more than the other States for long-lived men; and the native place of Father Sawyer could hardly have been far from "the land of steady habits."

Never until a few months before his death had he been laid upon the shelf by the failure of his natural powers either of mind or body. He was born in October, 1755, at Hebron, Connecticut, to which place, three years ago, he returned from Bangor, when on the verge of his second century. The year of his birth was that of Braddock's defeat. He was four years old when Wolfe fell at Quebec; twenty when the Declaration of Independence was signed; and thirty-six at the Inauguration of General Washington. He voted at every Presidential election; and, as he said, "always voted right." In his earlier years he served for a time in the army during the Revolution; and when asked, recently, if he knew that he had ever killed an enemy in war, he replied that "he didn't know that he had ever actually *shot* one, but he had done his duty by *shooting at them*." He would have received a pension from the Government as a Revolutionary soldier but from the fact that there were no *living* witnesses to offer the necessary testimony that he had served.

He pursued collegiate studies at Dartmouth, and graduated at the age of thirty years, when he entered the profession of the ministry, in which he performed active service for more than seventy years. During the larger portion of this time he was a missionary in Maine, and about twenty years ago founded the present "Bangor Theological Seminary."

His wife, Rebecca Hobart, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, died in 1836, at the age of seventy-six. He had five children, only two of whom are still living. At the time of his death he had great-grandchildren as old as seventeen.

His visit to Hebron in 1855 was in compliance with a public invitation of the citizens of the town. In view of the approaching centennial anniversary of the old man's birth-day they assembled in town-meeting, with Ex-Governor Peters, of Connecticut (himself a venerable man), as chairman, and by a unanimous vote extended to him the hospitalities of the place. He arrived on Friday, 8th June, from Boston, by way of Springfield and Hartford, on the *same* day. In the evening, immediately after his arrival, he was asked by one of the committee if he was not greatly fatigued, and he replied, "So far from being fatigued, I could now, if occasion required, stand and talk to a congregation for three quarters of an hour." What makes this answer the more surprising is that Father Sawyer never went to Europe "for the benefit of his health." On the following Sunday he preached in the Congregational Church at Hebron, and, as a preliminary to the service, administered the ordinance of baptism to four children in an interesting and novel manner. It was a warm, fine day, and the ceremony was performed in the open air, on the green near the church. Father Sawyer, in addressing the audience, mentioned that nearly a hundred years previous his father and mother had brought him, as an infant in their arms, to be baptized at that same spot.

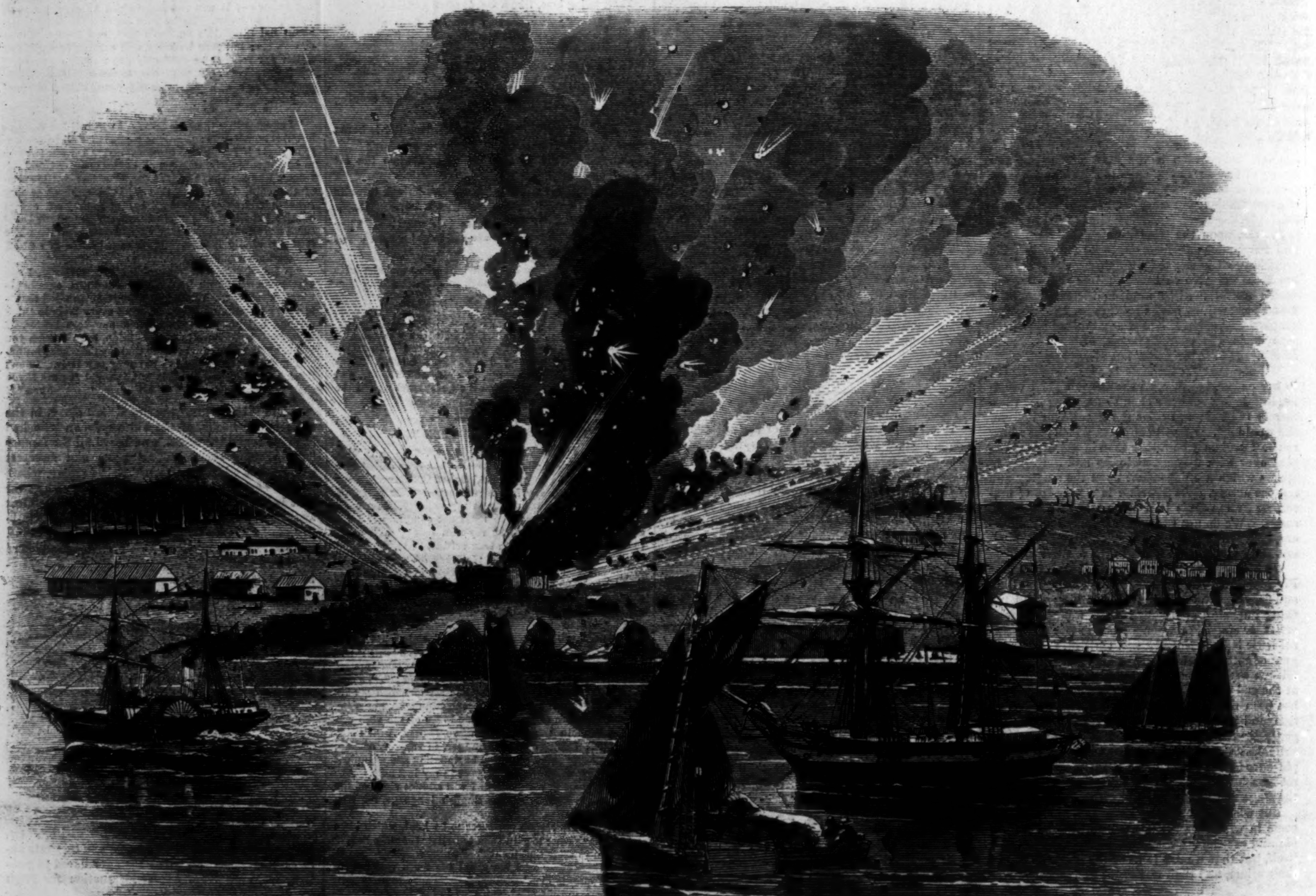


THE LATE REV. JOHN SAWYER, OF BANGOR, MAINE.

After remaining a few days at Hebron he paid a visit to this city, stopping while here at the house of his grandson, Mr. French, the publisher. Shortly after his arrival a company of young ladies, from a female seminary in Brooklyn, called in a body to see him. After ranging themselves in a circle in the parlor, with the old man in the centre, they sang several songs, to which he listened with great pleasure. When they concluded, he rose and said, "Well, young ladies, you have sung to me; now I will sing to you," and struck up the old hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" which he sang from beginning to end with a clear voice, and without hesitation or apparent difficulty. During his stay in this city Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring called upon him. When Dr. Spring was an infant his father invited our patriarch—then in the vigor of manhood—to pay a visit to his house; and Father Sawyer related to Dr. Spring that he had held him, when a babe, in his own arms! At the close of the interview Dr. Spring—himself fourscore years of age—advanced to the venerable man, and, kneeling down before him like a child, asked his blessing!

On the return of Father Sawyer to Maine he attended the annual meeting of the "Maine General Conference of Congregational Churches," in whose proceedings he took part. During the sessions one of the ministers—a man in the prime of middle life—came up to him and said, pleasantly, "Father Sawyer, when you die I want to preach your funeral sermon." "Oh!" exclaimed the old man, promptly, "how do you know that you will *live long enough?*"

In October of the same year, when his centennial day came round, a public celebration of the event was held in Bangor. A large audience assembled, and the aged man, whose back was bending under the burden of a hundred years, made a clear, connected address, distinctly, and at times fervently uttered, and *an hour and a quarter in length;* at the close of



TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT HAVANA, ON SEPTEMBER 29, 1858.—[SEE PAGE 694.]

which he seemed to be able to go on, with equal ease and vigor, an hour longer!

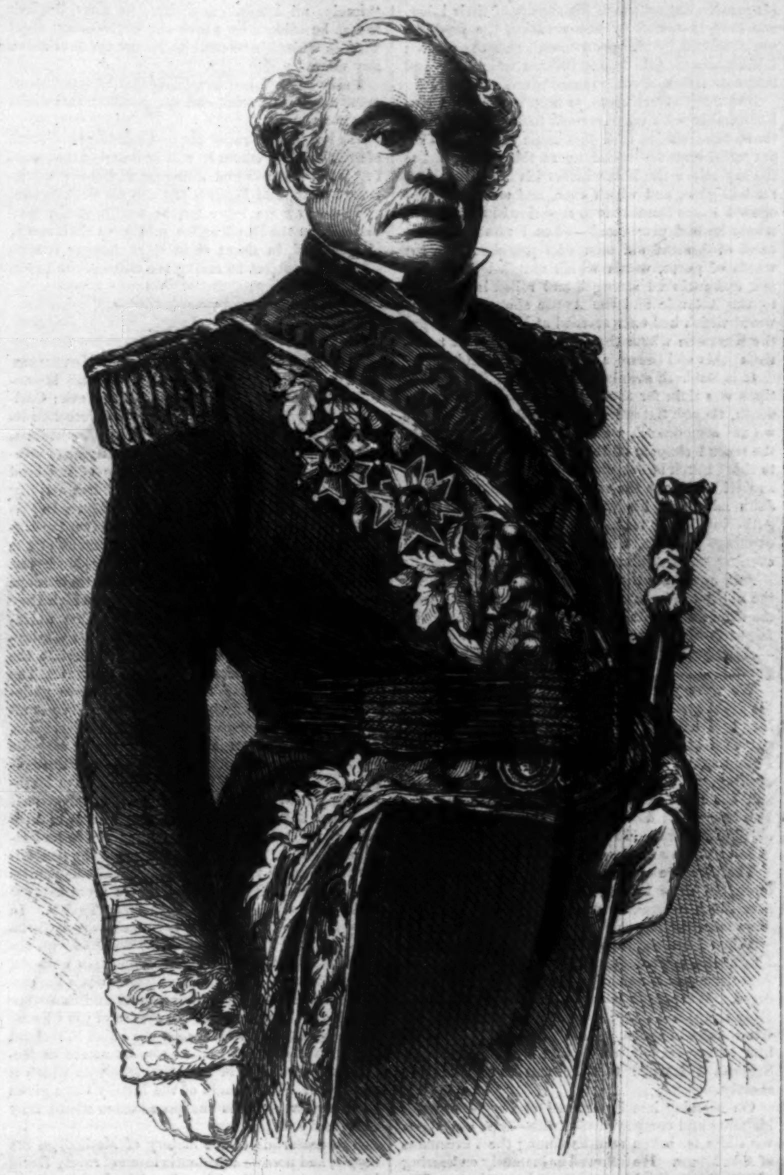
Of the many anecdotes that are told of "Old Father Sawyer" we have space only for one or two. After he had passed his eightieth year he was in the habit of going out on Saturdays from Bangor to preach in the neighboring towns and villages, returning home on Mondays, and he made a point of meeting these engagements through rain or shine. On one occasion, however, a violent snow-storm having arisen, his friends attempted to persuade him not to go. At first he would not listen to them, but ordered up his horse and wagon, and set out. After going a short distance, however, he was compelled to return; and on being asked, jocosely, "why he didn't go on?" he replied that "the weather was too bad *for the beast!*" Only two or three years ago, when his grandson, who was about to take a drive with him, attempted to assist him into the chaise, the grandfather turned round and pushed him away, saying, "Now, don't meddle!" Still more recently, he was seen, on a summer morning, driving alone, before sunrise, from Garland to Bangor; and on being accosted afterward by a young man, "why he had got up so early?" replied that "he had butter to take to town, and it would have melted on the way if he had lain abed like young men."

Only a few months ago he made an address, an hour in length, to a Sunday-school in Bangor. It is somewhat remarkable that, though he had been a public speaker for seventy-five years, his voice should have been the last of his physical powers to show feebleness and decay. When he became an old man he had a desire to live a hundred years, but after he attained the five score he had a desire to die rather than to live; and for some time before his death he looked upon his end with all the cheerfulness with which a young man looks upon life.

GENERAL PAEZ.

WE place on record on this page the portrait of one of the greatest heroes of South America, General José A. Paez, the friend of Bolivar, and the liberator of Venezuela. His approaching departure from this country for his own home, in compliance with the invitation of the Venezuelan Legislature, will render the publication opportune at the present time.

General Paez was born about the year 1791, in the town of Araure, Barinas, in Venezuela. He was brought up as country boys are in that cattle region. At sixteen he was intrusted by his father with an order on a neighboring town for a sum of money. On his return home four robbers attacked him. A shot from his pistol killed the nearest; and the young man looked so fiercely at the survivors, and prepared to make such play with his sword, that they made their escape. An undefined feeling of horror at the deed he had done filled the breast of the young Venezuelan; he had not the heart to return home, but fled to a neighboring cattle station, and entered the service of its proprietor. There the insurrectionary movement of 1810 found him. His master joined the rebels; Paez followed the example, enlisting as a private soldier. The Government party were for the time successful; but, in 1813, Bolivar made his appearance on the frontier, and Paez and his friends raised a little army to join him. Again fate was against him. The insurrectionists were overcome, Paez was made prisoner, and sentenced to death. At the dead of night he and his comrades were marched out of their prison to the place of execution. Paez, on being summoned, begged the guard to wait a moment, as he could not find his hat; to which the officer on duty brutally replied that he need give himself no trouble about his hat, as in a few minutes he would have no head to wear it on. He was actually at the place of execution when his pardon, which his friends had extorted from the governor, was handed to the officer in command.

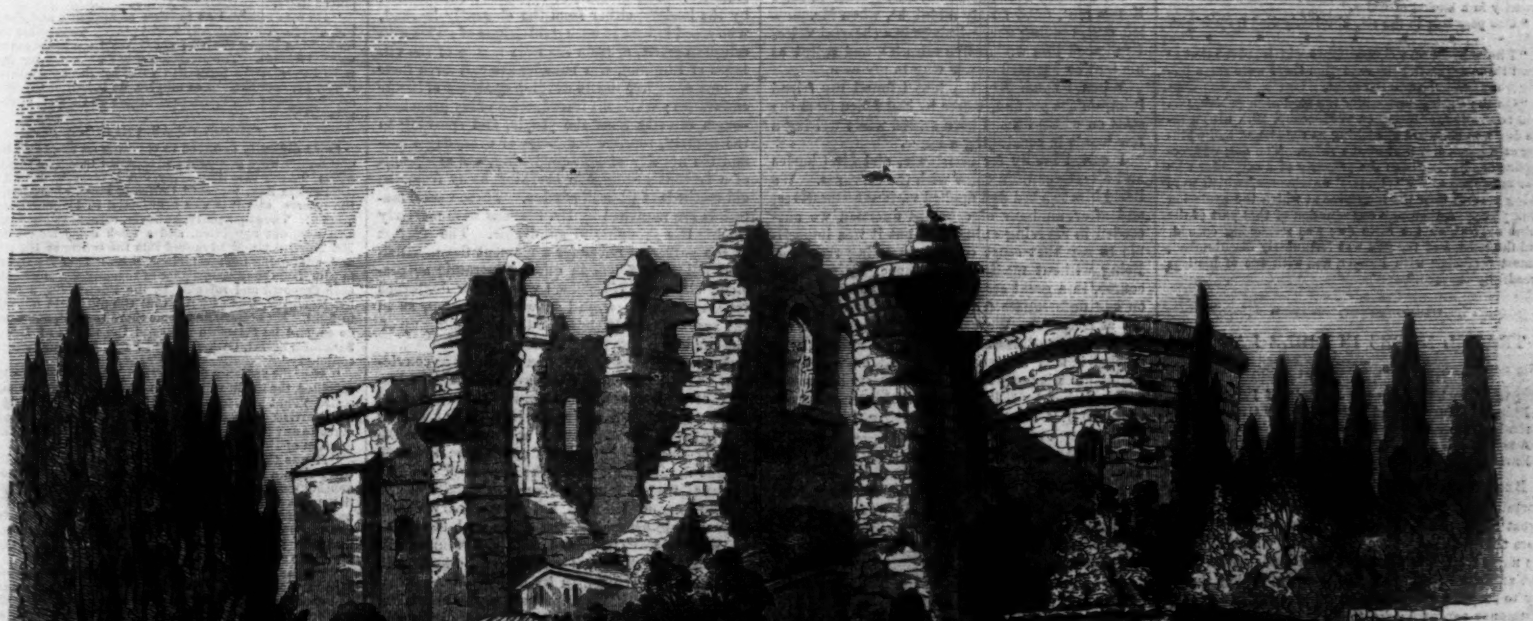

GENERAL PAEZ, OF VENEZUELA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

A few months later, having again involved himself with the revolutionaries, he was again arrested, and sentenced to death. This time he broke out of his prison with the aid of his fellow-captives, and made his way into the interior, where he raised a band of partisans, and carried on a guerrilla warfare against the Spaniards. He was at this time the Marion of the Venezuelan War of Independence.

For the next seven years Paez was the most prominent soldier and chief in Venezuela. In 1816, when he was barely twenty-five years of age, he was chosen military chief of the revolutionary party, and during the long and trying period which elapsed before the Spaniards were overthrown, he was the centre round which the true patriots of Venezuela gathered. For several years the fate of the revolutionary party hung in the balance. Paez was obliged to receive in his camp, to clothe, and to feed hundreds of brave men who had been driven from their homes by the Spanish soldiery; how he kept them alive and together the Spanish officers could not imagine. At length Bolivar had been successful at home, and was able to afford substantial aid to Venezuela. His first proposition—which was based on no selfish motives, but on the broadest views of public policy—was that Paez should acknowledge his authority; this the great-hearted Venezuelan, with very rare disinterestedness, at once did; and both together prepared to resist the Spaniards. They received their reward at the battle of Carabobo, in 1821, when the Spanish authority was finally overthrown in Venezuela. Paez was left to finish the war, which he did in a manner that elicited the applause of soldiers throughout the world.

During the existence of the Colombian Confederacy Paez voluntarily occupied a secondary position; at the dissolution of that nationality he took the lead in assembling the Congress of Venezuela. In 1830 he was chosen chief of the State of Venezuela; and under his auspices a republican constitution, modeled on the constitutions of our Northern States, was adopted and put in force. In 1831 the Monagas made their first attempt to subvert the Government, but were promptly put down by Paez. In 1835 his term as President ended; he declined a re-election, and Doctor José M. Vargas was elected. The Monagas family rebelled again, were again put down by Paez, who was invested with dictatorial authority for the purpose by the Congress, and were graciously pardoned for the second time.

From 1839 to 1843 General Paez was again President of Venezuela. Under his administration the finances and commerce of that State flourished admirably; all the debt was paid off, and a surplus of $3,000,000 left in the treasury. Refusing a re-election, he again retired to private life in 1843. An attempt was made to renominate him in 1847, but he resolutely refused to accept office again; and, conceiving that the ambition of the Monagas family would never rest quiet till one of the two brothers had attained the chief magistracy, he prevailed upon his friends to run José T. Monagas for President. He was elected. But, like Louis Napoleon, he no sooner found himself in power than he began to subvert the Constitution, suspended the authority of the laws, misapplied the public money, and ended by sending a file of soldiers into the legislative halls to shoot and bay-


RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH WHICH WAS AT PERGAMOS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

onet the members of the Venezuelan Congress. Thus, amidst bloodshed and rapine, was the Constitution of Venezuela overthrown.

Paez did not submit. He raised a body of troops and endeavored to put down the usurper. But fortune was against him. After a long and arduous struggle he was overpowered and made prisoner. Monagas, who had so often experienced the clemency of Paez, had no pity for him in his old age and misfortune. He immured him in an unwholesome dungeon at San Antonio, and kept him there, apparently in the hope of his death, until the peremptory order of the Congress and the indignant outcry of the civilized world compelled him to set him free. He was banished for life. He came to this country, with some scanty means which had been saved from the general wreck, and has lived here ever since in honorable peace and exile.

A few months since the common sense and patriotism of the Venezuelans revolted against the corrupt tyranny of the Monagas. A whole people rose against them and expelled them. With one cry Venezuela called for her old champion and father—the brave Paez. Congress met and passed resolutions inviting him to return. A deputation was ordered to proceed with the invitation to New York; two of its members were sons of the old hero.

The deputation have discharged their function. General Paez is about to depart with them. When he goes, the United States will contain one good and true man the less.

THE EXPLOSION AT HAVANA.

We give herewith an engraving of the fearful explosion which took place at Havana, Cuba, on 29th ult. On that day, at 4.15 P.M., the Naval Powder Magazine, situated at the head of the harbor, a little to the southward of Fort Atares, took fire, and 150,000 lbs. of powder, 400 grenades, and 400 Congreve rockets exploded, devastating the whole neighborhood, and causing a frightful loss of life. The total number of killed, including negroes and *Asiatics*, has been estimated at 300. The correspondence of the *Herald* contains full details, and we make the following extracts:

"I went to the scene of the disaster early next morning. Such a total demolition of property I had seldom before seen. At that early hour there were several corpses shockingly mutilated still unburied.

"I could notice the body of a fine ox, with the yoke still on, which had been blown to the very edge of the water—a distance, I should say, of one hundred and fifty yards.

"Very many habitations in this city sustained considerable injury by the explosion, and so much damage was caused by it at the gas-works that it is probable the city lamps will not be again lighted with gas for the ensuing two or three months, because of the destruction of the largest of the gas reservoirs. The smaller ones can be repaired in a few days, and will suffice to light the dwellings and stores.

"The bark *S. W. Holbrook*, Drinkwater master, was discharging lumber at no great distance from the explosion. Fortunately a large building stood between her and the magazine, or she would have sustained a good deal of damage. As it is her cabin is much injured, her captain was thrown down and his leg hurt considerably, while her second mate was blown off the deck into the water; but, fortunately, being able to swim, he only sustained an impromptu, but I should say an unpleasant, bath.

"A loaded shell fell just outside the railway station at Regla; it did not explode, but was dug up and placed for security in a bucket of water.

"One poor lady in the city absolutely died from fright.

* * * * * * *

"I have heard of a circumstance which proves that at least three days after the explosion there were some living wounded buried in the ruins.

"On the Friday succeeding the explosion (which, you will remember, occurred on Wednesday, 29th ult.) a little dog was observed scratching at the stones, and whining at a particular part of the ruins. The dog was recognized as having been the property of a carpenter who was employed at the 'planters' warehouses,' which were being erected near the magazine at which the explosion took place. A thorough examination of that part of the ruins near which the little dog was scratching ensued, and the master of the dog was fortunately disentombed, almost perishing with hunger, and with one of his legs dreadfully crushed."

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXVI.

Bergama, Ancient Pergamos.—Origin of Parchment.—Ruins of Churches and Palaces.—Holy Ground.—Arrival of an American Friend.—His sudden illness.—A noble Arab mare.—The last Hour.—He Dies, and is Buried.

Bergama, ancient Pergamos, is not an unimportant town even now. In ancient days it was a great city. You, of course, remember that it was here that parchment was invented, which derived its name from the place. When Ptolemy forbade the export of papyrus from Egypt, thinking thereby to stop the increase of the library of Pergamos, Eumenes caused books to be written on prepared sheepskins, which were called Carta Pergamena, and hence our modern word.

The entire place abounds in splendid ruins. Palaces, theatres, and churches lie in desolate heaps, and storks make their nests on the deserted towers of the old buildings. The amphitheatre is more grand than that at Verona, and the flow of the river through it adds to its majestic appearance.

Like all the cities of Asia Minor which were once Greek, its Acropolis is a high hill once amply fortified. This was a point for which the Greeks always took special care in selecting the site of a new city, or rebuilding and fortifying an old one. The surrounding country is rich and fruitful. All the way from Thyatira the road has been through a luxuriant country, and even now this seems as if, in proper hands, it might become an opulent and powerful city.

I need not describe its present appearance. The same desolation hangs over it that curses every Turkish town. Ground down with taxes the people receive but a tithe of the results of their labor, the land is owned by the wealthy, the products are absorbed by the government, and the modern inhabitants of Asia Minor become wandering and homeless tribes of robbers and murderers.

But this, nevertheless, is holy ground. When I remember with what earnest footsteps the Apostle of the Gentiles trod this same soil, with what prayerful hope he looked up at these hills, and to the sky above the hills whither his Lord and Master had gone, and which once, and only once, had opened above Damascus to reveal to him that Lord whom he had persecuted—when I remember that band of devoted old men who preached here the words of peace, words which sounded across the sea, and gathered strength and rolled in thunders to the Atlantic and the Arctic shores, until the world which had once scorned at length worshiped the Nazarene whom they preached—when I recall them, this soil becomes verily holy ground.

It is Sabbath evening in Pergamos, where Antipas was slain for the faith—a faith he held unto death, though Satan had his seat in the city. As we are accustomed, we have read the passages in the second chapter of the Apocalypse which refer to this Church of Pergamos, and we have imagined as well as we can the men of those days to whom John addressed his warning words. And then, gathering in my tent, we have talked of Sunday evenings at home, where the pine-trees make the evening breezes solemn and melodious.

And now I see the gathering at the fireside, for the night-wind blows cold, and a chill creeps over me even as I write. I would—I would to God I might to-night, before I sleep, breathe the soft air—violet-perfumed—that comes across my sister's grave.

We were young together. She went early to the great assembly. Lo, I have wandered far and long! I have seen Sinai, and have knelt at Calvary. I have been at Smyrna, Ephesus, Laodicea, Philadelphia, Thyatira, and here I sit, on a Sunday evening, at Pergamos, on the plains of Asia Minor, and the same stars that look down on me, the wanderer, look down on that small grave in the old church-yard. How different our fates on earth! When shall we meet again? . . . .

The pleasure of our journey has been sadly interrupted since I commenced this letter, which I now finish a week later. During this week we have been staying at Pergamos.

When I first came to the East, some years ago, I formed a most delightful acquaintance with an American gentleman who, like myself, was a wanderer. We passed nearly a year together in the Holy Land, and then separated—he to go to India, I to remain in Cairo. I have frequently heard of him in my travels, and when we came through Smyrna I learned that he was expected there shortly.

On Monday last he arrived at Pergamos with his tents and companions—Arabs—who have been with him for seven months among the Turcomans of Asia Minor. He followed us instantly on hearing of our route, thinking to overtake us here. The meeting was right joyful, and, as he had not been in Bergama, we decided to remain until Tuesday evening to give him opportunity to examine the city.

He complained a little when he arrived, but did not appear to be seriously ill, and we had a delicious day together, talking over old times, and promising ourselves new adventures together.

On Tuesday evening we sat all together in Miss Kate's tent, until nearly midnight, when Mr. —— left first, bidding us good-night in a cheerful voice. I followed him within five minutes, and called at his tent as I passed on my way to my own.

When I came into the tent I found my friend lying on the ground, where he had fallen from the stool on which he had been seated while writing a few words in concluding a letter.

I called loudly for assistance, and Sir Charles and Miss Grandison came with the servants. We lifted him to a bed and applied various restoratives, and after an hour of constant exertion we succeeded in reviving animation, but it was impossible to say that sense or understanding returned. Being without medical attendance, we were, of course, in a great strait, but we dispatched Selim on our unfortunate friend's favorite mare to seek aid at Smyrna. We calculated justly on the extraordinary endurance of this noble animal, who seemed indeed to know the errand on which she went. The journey of ordinarily thirty hours was accomplished by Selim in ten, without resting except one half hour at Magnesia. In the night of Wednesday and Thursday Doctor ——, a skillful English physician of Smyrna, arrived, but the case was past his aid long before that.

Mr. ——'s physical debility had been observed by all of us on his arrival. It was evident on Wednesday morning that he was sinking rapidly. Toward sunset he spoke, for the first time, but not with his reason.

He talked of his friends in the East, especially of Achmed, his Bedouin companion and friend for many years. He seemed to think he was with him in various parts of the Arabian desert, if we could judge by the names he used, which we supposed to be of such places.

At times he spoke only in Arabic, and then mostly of familiar places in which he and I had been together; but when I addressed him in the same language he did not appear to hear me.

Toward midnight he began to imagine himself near Jerusalem, and he now occasionally spoke in Italian, and in phrases that led us to believe that he thought himself accompanied by a lady of whom I had occasionally heard him speak in former times.

At one o'clock on Thursday morning Doctor —— arrived. But he said our friend could not live two hours, and it proved even so. Achmed entered, and, bending over the bed, spoke some words in Arabic, to which, much to our surprise, Mr. —— replied in a clear voice. At that instant the mare neighed. He smiled, turned his face toward the tent door, and looked eagerly we thought, then closed his eyes. A moment later he murmured, in a low voice, "Lucia, mi Lucia," and then, in clear English tones, he said, "In white—in white—they shall walk in white!" and then he did not speak or move any more.

I may be pardoned for adding that he was a brave man, a gallant friend, and one of whom this world was not worthy.

He lies buried under the walls of the old church of St. Theodore, where he will be found in the morning when Antipas and Eumenes and every Christian, Pagan, and Moslem of them all shall awake.

To-morrow we leave for the mouth of the Scamander, on the Dardanelles, which we shall reach, if prospered, in about eight days, having accomplished our object in seeing the cities of the Seven Churches.

LITERARY.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism, by Abel Stevens, LL.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. The title of this work describes its purpose with rare felicity. It views Methodism, not as a sectarian interest, but as a religious movement, invigorating the Protestantism of England and America, and creating the multiform activity of the Protestant Christianity of our day. In this breadth of view consists, as we conceive, the signal excellence of Dr. Stevens's treatment of the subject. Histories of Methodism, by Methodist authors, have been usually limited in their scope to the interests of the religious bodies which they severally represent. Southey's charming narrative is marred by his unfriendliness to the Wesleyan body, and his total inability to appreciate the motives of the leaders of the great revival. The recent work of Isaac Taylor, though more philosophic than any which had preceded it, is yet affected by the theological bias of its author. Dr. Stevens aims to treat the history in a catholic spirit, and while tracing, with affectionate fondness, the career of the founders of Arminian Methodism, he does ample justice to the transparent sincerity, fervid eloquence, and unparalleled labors of Whitefield, the founder of Methodism in its Calvinistic forms. His style approaches the flexibility and graphic power of Southey, while he applies philosophical analysis to his theme more happily and far more successfully than Isaac Taylor. In his view, Methodism belongs to universal Christianity. By the relations of the Wesleys with the Moravians it is brought into connection with the purest forms of early Protestantism; while the cordial union subsisting between them and numerous Dissenting ministers and clergymen of the Church of England demonstrates that the effort to reclaim the masses of Great Britain was by no means sectarian in its origin or in the instruments which it employed. These facts of the history have given them by Dr. Stevens the prominence which they may justly claim.

The materials of the history of Methodism are ample, and possess a dramatic interest rarely found in the annals of the Church. The leaders of the movement were in every way remarkable. Such men as John Wesley, the legislator, Charles Wesley, the lyric poet, and Whitefield, the almost inspired orator—whose power over the cool Franklin and the philosophic Hume was as decided as his sway over the begrimed Kingswood colliers—would be reckoned rare characters in any period of time. The field of action embraces England and America. The amount of opposition encountered by the leaders, either from the elegantly learned, who stood aghast at such exhibitions of an earnest religious spirit, or from the rude rabble of the villages of England, was sufficient to call forth their utmost energies, and to develop qualities of heroic endurance; while the introduction of lay preachers—men directly from the people, and speaking in the homely, forcible language of everyday life—and the novelty of field-preaching, are symptoms of a fervent evangelism breaking away from the old methods of Church routine. These varied materials are managed by Dr. Stevens with masterly skill. His grouping is admirable. The interest of the narrative never for a moment flags. Incident follows incident in quick panoramic succession; character is outlined with a few dexterous touches, or is portrayed in warm coloring, as in the account of Grimshaw, and the summing up of the life and labors of Whitefield.

We have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that this work will become the standard history of the subject. The volume now before us traces the early life of the Wesleys in the Epworth parsonage; their student-life at Oxford, where the club of pious reformers was organized; their religious development under the tuition of the Moravians; their exclusion from the pulpits of the Establishment, followed by its necessary consequence, field-preaching, and closes with the death of Whitefield. The second and third volumes will embrace the subsequent progress of Methodism in England, and the fourth its history in America. Incidentally to the main purpose of the narrative, the volume before us pictures the condition and habits of the people of England during the last century, and presents an array of facts amply justifying the ardent yet irregular labors of the Wesleys and their coadjutors. We shall look for the subsequent portions of the work with great interest.

My Lady Ludlow, by Mrs. Gaskell, is the last new novel published by Harper & Brothers in their library of select novels. Mrs. Gaskell has become as popular in America as in England. Her North and South, Mary Barton, and other stories of English factory life, are not only the choicest of their kind, but rank as among the most readable and admirable sketches of life and character that modern literature has produced. Manchester life is portrayed with a distinctness and a vividness that is said to have converted the most rigid people in Manchester into diligent novel-readers, and those who had denounced works of fiction as inventions of the devil were content to admit that, if all novels were like Mrs. Gaskell's, novel-reading would not be a sin. My Lady Ludlow fully keeps up the reputation of the author. It is a story of England and English family history, but its incidents reach the hearts of Americans with full force, and its characters are just such as Americans appreciate and enjoy. The main features of the novel illustrate Mrs. Gaskell's peculiarly clear insight into the emotions of the human heart, and those emotions as evinced in the relative positions of the rich and the poor, the dependent and the powerful. A charm, that can be appreciated by all who know what country social life means, overhangs the whole story. Every man, woman, and child has individuality which is easily recognized The book is altogether a delightful companion for the fireside, and will be welcomed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM UTAH.

The Salt Lake mail to the 25th of September reached St. Josephs, Missouri, on the 16th instant. Every thing was quiet in the Territory, and good feeling is reported to exist between the Mormons and the Gentiles. Business was brisk at Salt Lake City. Trains of goods and provisions were constantly arriving from California. The supply trains from the States were also arriving in good condition and great numbers. Sixty had passed Fort Bridger, and twenty were met on the Sweetwater, and eight were north of the Platte. All the troops under General Johnston are consolidated in one encampment. His command, including employés, number 7000 or 8000. About 4000 men were also at Fort Bridger, under Colonel Cambrey.

GENERAL WALKER REDIVIVUS.

The following dispatch comes by telegraph to the Associated Press:

Washington, *Saturday, October 23*, 1858.

It has already been announced that another filibustering expedition would soon start for Nicaragua. The following circular will give you particulars:

"Mobile, *October 16*, 1858.

"Sir,—You are advised that on the 10th day of November next a vessel will leave this port for San Juan del Norte. She will take any passengers and *freight that may offer for Nicaragua*. If you or any persons in your neighborhood desire to emigrate to Central America, please advise me of it as soon as possible, in order that passage may be secured for you and your companions. It will be well for you to arrive here three or four days previous to the departure.

"Your obedient servant,

"William Walker."

These circulars are printed in a neat form, on note paper, and have been sent to General Walker's special friends all over the country.

OFFICIAL LIST OF THE PASSENGERS BY THE AUSTRIA.

The official list of the passengers who were on board the burned steamer *Austria*, which was destroyed on the 13th of September, has been received by the agents of the Hamburg Packet Company in this city. The list as now received exhibits as the number lost 455, saved 88.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

The great prize-fight between Morrissey and Heenan came off, as advertised, on 20th October, at Long Point Island, about seventy-five miles from Buffalo. The men, with their backers, had been in Buffalo for some days; on 19th they left, in company with several hundred spectators, for the scene of battle. Several steamers had been chartered for the occasion. After the landing, ground was chosen for the fight, and staked out according to the rules of the ring.

IN THE RING.

The *Clipper* says: "At twenty minutes past one o'clock the Benicia Boy was the first to shy his castor into the ring, which he entered accompanied by his seconds, Aaron Jones and Johnny Mackey. He was received with immense applause. He sat down on a chair in one corner, placed for his accommodation. About four minutes afterward Morrissey issued from the Light-house Cottage, some twenty yards distant, and, approaching the ropes, dropped in his bonnet. On entering the ring he shook hands cordially with Heenan and his seconds, and retired to the opposite corner, where he also sat down on a chair placed there.

"He also received an ovation of applause and cheering, and from its intensity it was plainly perceptible that he had the larger share of sympathy from his more numerous friends. The arrangements for the coming fight were immediately proceeded with, by the appointment of Mr. Francis M'Cabe as umpire, on behalf of the Benicia Boy, and of Mr. William Mulligan on the part of Morrissey."

CHOICE OF AN UMPIRE.

Some difficulty occurred in choosing an umpire. Several names were proposed and objected to. The *Clipper* adds: "After this long delay, Mr. M'Cabe, on behalf of the Benicia Boy, proposed Professor Page, of Boston, as the referee, and this was acquiesced in by Morrissey's umpire. The other party, however, refused to have their own nominee appointed, and a fresh delay took place. Mr. Morrissey now advanced into the centre of the ring, and, addressing the assemblage, said—'That it appeared to him, from the circumstance of so many persons having been proposed and rejected by the Benicia Boy's party, he, Morrissey, was satisfied that the other did not wish to fight. He himself had come there to fight, and would do so, and he therefore proposed the names of Messrs. Sandford, Beiral, Ottignon, and Page, to act as referees, conjointly.'

"After the applause which greeted this proposition had subsided, the Benicia Boy rose, and, addressing the crowd, stated 'That he also was equally desirous of fighting as Mr. Morrissey himself was, and that he personally would agree to any thing.' Loud cheers arose at this manly declaration of Mr. Heenan.

"It was then agreed by the respective umpires that there should be two referees, Messrs. Louis Beiral and another well-known and highly respected sporting gentleman from New York, who should act conjointly. This announcement was the signal of tremendous cheering, and the preparation of the two men's toilets then commenced. Mr. J. Briggs, of New York, was unanimously agreed to as the timekeeper.

"Precisely at twenty-seven minutes to four o'clock, Messrs. Morrissey and Heenan advanced to the scratch and shook hands, as did also their seconds. They then returned to their corners, until 'time' was called, and the fight commenced."

THE SCENE BEFORE THE FIGHT.

The *Times* correspondent thus describes the scene at this interesting moment: "Round Morrissey's plume were gathered Mulligan (of great political and legal repute), who, in his pea-green kids and Russian leather long boots, looked the Beau Brummel of the ring; Dad Cunningham, Barney Aaron, Patterson, and various other brilliant fistic knights. Heenan was supported by Hughes, Coburn, and M'Cabe.

"On the champions entering the ring it was evident the Morrissey faction was in the ascendant—Heenan being received with faint and far between applause, whereas Morrissey's entrance was greeted with a yell of savage joy. Morrissey went forward with cheerful alacrity, and shook his opponent cordially by the hand, the seconds exchanging similar graceful courtesies. Their bearing afterward was wholly different—Heenan looking and acting with great modesty, while Morrissey blustered and bullied around, offering one thousand to seven hundred, then six hundred, that he would win the fight, and one hundred to seventy-five that he would whip Heenan within an hour.

"There was a vast difference, however, in their appearance. Morrissey looked a magnificent animal—red, sinewy, and lean, and there was a look of wear and tear about him which spoke volumes. Of the two, he was too finely drawn—weighing only 168 pounds, when his proper fighting weight should have been 176. His eye, the index of physique, looked clear and bright, and full of savage resolution. Heenan, on the other hand, looked pale and dull of eye, and his muscles, though large, lacked consistency. He had a loose boyish air about him, and he resembled an Illinois Hoosier rather than the firmer compactness of Morrissey. Altogether he looked soft, and scarcely cut for a day's work—owing, as afterward shown, to the condition of his leg, of which I before apprised you, and which confined him to his room down to the day of battle. It was in a condition which should have prevented his seconds from allowing him to fight, for which the character of the ground gave sufficient justification.

"There were about one thousand persons on the stand, among whom were a party of British officers from Canada."

THE BETTING.

We quote the *Clipper:* "The betting at the commencement was $500 to $300, which we saw taken at once; $100 to $70 was freely offered. Morrissey himself offered to lay his opponent $1000 to $600 that he won the fight, but the offer was rejected—the Benicia Boy stating that he had no money. Morrissey also offered to lay $500 to $300 that he gained the first knock-down. Even betting on the first blood, first fall, and first knock down was currently offered. There was, however, but little betting done—the friends of Morrissey displaying the greatest confidence in him and willing to lay the above odds to any amount.

"Among the few bets we saw laid was one between the trainers of the men. Shepherd, Morrissey's trainer, laid Aaron Jones 'ten English Sovereigns' ($50), that Morrissey would win the fight, which was accepted by Jones."

THE FIRST ROUND.

The *Clipper* report says:

"Round 1. As the men toed the mark their appearance and condition were anxiously and eagerly scanned. The Benicia Boy towered above his opponent considerably, and his powerful and herculean appearance seemed to give him an immense advantage over Morrissey. His arms and shoulders were well covered with muscle, but we fancied that his skin did not betoken that high state of condition so absolutely requisite for the sustaining of a protracted and arduously contested conflict. His chest is broad and well developed, and, altogether, his appearance betokened the possession of immense strength and activity. The only point against which the slightest cavil could be raised is the comparative narrowness of his loins, as contrasted with his great width of ribs and chest. The deficiency in condition which we have noticed might be attributed to the fact, which was subsequently communicated to us, that he had been unable for some days past to take his exercise, owing to the breaking out of a sore on the lower part of the leg, and which had confined him to bed for three or four days previous. His attitude and position were unobjectionable; his left well extended and bent, and his right well up and ready for action, either offensive or defensive. The appearance of Morrissey, as far as condition was concerned, was such as to redound the highest credit upon his trainer, Mr. Shepherd, and his assistants, Burns and Lawrence. It was perfection itself; and we never witnessed any candidate for pugilistic honors whose condition could have surpassed that of Morrissey. It was evident that the skill and experience of his trainer, Shepherd, were of no common order, to produce such a result upon his pupil. His entire skin bore that clear appearance, conjoined with that faint ruddy tinge, which is so characteristic of vigorous health and the most perfect condition; and it was evident that he was fit to encounter and sustain the most protracted exertions. His position also was artistic and excellent, and his guard showed him to possess a thorough knowledge of the science of offense and defense. But little time was lost in sparring, as, after a little feinting for an opening, Morrissey let fly his left, but was stopped neatly. He tried again, and got home on the face, but was heavily countered by the Benicia Boy on the left eye. Morrissey returned with a stinger on the nose, and was again countered with a tremendous left-hander on the side of the same organ, causing the claret to flow freely, and gaining for the Benicia Boy '*first blood!*' Again both countered with tremendous force at the same time, Morrissey on the nose and the Benicia Boy on the mouth, and some terrific exchanges ensued. At length they clenched, near the ropes, and some heavy hitting ensued, Morrissey punishing his opponent on the ribs, and Heenan getting in on the face. They then broke away, and again countered each other with unflinching resolution on the face and ribs, Heenan hitting out straight as an arrow with his dangerous left, and Morrissey returning severely on the ribs. The Benicia Boy, when near the ropes, endeavoring to get home a tremendous left-hander on the head, missed Morrissey, who dodged the blow, and struck it full against one of the posts. They again clenched, and, after mutual fibbing, broke away. They met again in the centre of the ring, and a succession of heavy exchanges ensued, both fighting with a determination seldom, if ever, witnessed before. The Benicia Boy repeated his visitations on Morrissey's face with his left and right, but received some heavy returns on the mouth and body. At length they clenched, and a desperate struggle for the fall ensued. Morrissey succeeded in getting the crook, but the Benicia Boy eluded it, and, after a determined struggle, during which the excitement of the spectators was most intense, he threw Morrissey, and gained the first fall. This round lasted *five minutes*, and a more terrific one was never witnessed. The fighting was of the severest character—no flinching or retreating on either side; the hitting and counter-hitting was tremendous, and without an interval's pause. The men, indeed, fought almost to a stand-still; for when they came up for

SECOND AND THIRD ROUNDS.

"2. It was difficult to say which was most fatigued. They both came up to the call of time promptly, but both considerably exhausted. No sooner had they reached the scratch than Morrissey led off with his left, but was stopped. He tried again, and got on the mouth, and was heavily cross-countered on the nose, the Benicia Boy repeating the visitation twice in succession. Morrissey again planted his left on the mouth, and his right heavily on the ribs; but Heenan, from his superior length of reach, was able to get in his left without a return. He hit strong and straight, and Morrissey fought rather wild from exhaustion. At length they clenched, and in the struggle the Benicia Boy's hand was seen in a suspicious manner in the face of Morrissey, which gave rise to the cry of 'foul,' under the idea that he was gouging. In the fall, Morrissey was thrown by the Benicia Boy, both going down together. An appeal of 'foul' was made to the referees, but not allowed, although the Benicia Boy was warned against so doing again.

"3. Both prompt to the call of time; although both with 'bellows to mend.' Morrissey forced the fighting and got home his left on the face, following it up with his right on the ribs. Heenan countered, but was beautifully stopped twice in succession. He would not be denied, however, and cross-countered heavily on the eye and nose, but received a terrific left-hander over the region of the heart; and, as he came to close-quarters, Morrissey administered a severe upper-cut, which caused a fresh supply of the ruby to distil from the nose. At last they clenched near the ropes, and some mutual fibbing ensued, Morrissey's blows being the heaviest and most effective. Both struggled hard for the fall, but Heenan was at last thrown heavily, Morrissey falling heavily upon him. This round was decidedly in favor of Morrissey, the Benicia Boy apparently feeling the effects of the tremendous fight in the first round.

THE CHANCES EQUAL.

"4. Neither very prompt to time, but Heenan most fatigued. At the scratch he let go his right, but was out of distance; he tried again, and got home on the face, which staggered Morrissey. The latter returned on the mouth, and, as Heenan came in, administered a spanking upper cut, which caused the blood to flow freely from Heenan's nose. The latter lunged out, but was out of distance, and again Morrissey got home on the ribs. They clenched, and some rattling exchanges ensued, until there was a breakaway. Again they cross-countered, Heenan on the eye, and Morrissey on the ribs and mouth. They again clenched, and the superior strength of Morrissey enabled him to gain the fall.

"5. Both came up slow to time; Morrissey's left eye was in mourning, and his nose was consequently swollen, but he appeared to have got his second wind, while the Benicia Boy was exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of distress. The former saw his advantage in forcing the fighting, and went into the Benicia Boy. He led off with his left, but was cleverly stopped; he tried again, and put in his left on the face twice in succession, causing Heenan to stagger. The latter countered, but was neatly stopped, and again did Morrissey get heavily on the ribs. As Morrissey bored in, the Benicia Boy steadied himself, and, with a well-delivered and straight left-hander, met Morrissey as he came, and hitting him fair, knocked him off his legs; the yielding nature of the ground, however, tending to produce this result. *First knock down for Heenan.*

HEENAN LOSING GROUND.

"6. Morrissey came up, improving every round, while the Benicia Boy was falling off. The former took the initiative by leading off and getting home on the mouth. The carmine again flowed freely. The Boy let fly his left, but was neatly stopped; he got in his right, however, but not heavily. Both were out of wind, and stood looking intently at each other for a short space of time, when they were called to the scratch. Morrissey led off again, and got in his left on the face, Heenan countering him on the eye. Morrissey would not be denied, and planted a rattling right and left on the face and ribs. They clenched, and Morrissey, who was so much the stronger man, threw Heenan and fell upon him.

"7. The Benicia Boy evidently becoming weaker, and Morrissey seemed improving. On reaching the scratch the former led off, but was easily stopped, and Morrissey countered on the neck. He tried it again, and although he received a heavy right-hander on the eye, he again got home a heavy rib-roaster. Some exchanges in favor of Morrissey ensued, and, in the struggle for the fall, Heenan was thrown heavily. A cry of foul was raised against Morrissey, but was not allowed.

"8. Morrissey led off and forced the fighting in Heenan's corner. He lunged out his left and caught the latter on the ribs smartly, and planted his right on the mouth. Benicia Boy countered on Morrissey's face, but without inflicting much injury. He laid himself open, however, to Morrissey's attack, his weak state being painfully evident. In the close Morrissey threw him with great force.

THE VICTORY.

"9. Morrissey at scratch and led off promptly, as it was evident that the Benicia Boy was fast failing from weakness. He countered him twice in succession on the face and ribs, while Heenan could only get home his right once. He almost turned round from the impetus of his own blow after missing Morrissey, as he was unable to judge the distance correctly. Morrissey followed him up to his own corner and forced the fighting, planting his right occasionally on the body and his left on the mouth and nose, and causing copious distillation of the carmine. At length they closed, and the Benicia Boy was thrown.

"10. Morrissey again led off; but it was evident that the fight would be decided in his favor. He was strong on his legs, and came up to his man with determination. With the other it was clear that nature was exhausted from the tremendous hitting which he had received. Morrissey, indeed, bore evidence of the great powers of hitting of his opponent. His left eye was nearly closed, his mouth and nose out of shape, and a cut over his eye. Morrissey got home a heavy facer, and was countered by Heenan on the brow. He let go his left, and again visited the mouth, and, as Heenan came in, met him with a dangerous upper cut, which took effect, rendering the Benicia Boy wild in his delivery. Again did he deliver the upper cut, and with effect, as it almost turned him round. Morrissey clenched and threw him easily.

"11 and last. Morrissey got heavily home on the mouth, and avoided the return. He then, as Heenan staggered in, gave him an upper cut, which caused him to turn almost round. Morrissey met him, and planted a tremendous blow on the neck, which again almost turned him round. He followed it up with two terrific right and left-handers on the ribs and throat, which sent Heenan down.

"When time was called the Benicia Boy was still insensible, and his seconds, seeing the state of affairs, threw up the sponge in token of defeat."

COURTESIES OF WAR.

The *Times* Correspondent, writing the day after the fight, says:

"All the courtesies of war were observed with the most delicate grace. At the close of the fight Morrissey was carried over to his fallen foe, and in true French style kissed his hand in token of his valor. Both were borne from the field in the same wagon. This morning Heenan left 'his card' on Morrissey, and Morrissey sent in return a gift of one hundred dollars to Heenan, who, although he declined a purse presented, accepted Morrissey's gift in token of amity.

HOW MORRISSEY WEARS HIS LAURELS.

"Morrissey, the victor, who remains, is staying at the International, but, for *striking* reasons, has not delighted the Buffalonians to-day with a vision of his disfigured mug. He has, however, received in his private boudoir several of his leading friends, among others Mr. Mulligan, who plays the Talleyrand to this fistic Napoleon, and who exhibited no ordinary powers of diplomacy in the preliminary negotiations of Wednesday. Morrissey is said to express very frankly that he felt no ordinary pleasure when his task of yesterday was at an end. He went into the ring, he states, with a full conviction that he should not gain a bloodless victory, and that he should get his brain-pan pretty well knocked up, but we question whether he anticipated it would be quite so hot as it turned out to be in the first six rounds. He says, indeed, it was a much tougher job than he expected, and does not disguise the fact of his being glad when it came to an end. He adds, also, that whoever fights Heenan for the future must put up with a good deal more punching than will do him good. To-day he was challenged by Heenan's friends to another conflict for $5000 a side, which, however, he declined. Previously to entering the ring on Monday he declared his intention of making it his last appearance, and he may now well retire from the field with glory. He says that he has a family, and that his wife's connections are very properly opposed to his present pursuits. It is his intention to set up a drinking-saloon, where the fame of his past exploits will doubtless insure him many customers and future wealth.

HOW HEENAN BEARS HIS DEFEAT.

"Heenan, after taking a bath in the manner of the olden gladiators, and having slept for a few hours, rose refreshed as a giant, and sat all the morning at Bloomer's, smoking his cigar and discussing the delicate details of the fight. He speaks of the strife of Wednesday with the most graceful levity, and, beyond a slight injury to two of his left-hand fingers, does not carry a single scar. He attributes his defeat entirely to his being thrown off his training by the state of his leg, which, from near the knee to the ankle, was one mass of sore, irritated, too, by the application of a blister. From Tuesday week he did no out-door work, and the last few days was unable to walk. Indeed, both he and his backers exhibited no ordinary pluck in fighting under such circumstances, more especially as the violation of the rules in the selection of the strand instead of sod gave them ample justification for claiming the stakes, or, at all events, postponing the battle. He declares his conviction that nothing but this defect prevented his whipping Morrissey, and is eager for another fray. Although, apparently, not beaten until the sixth round, he states he felt himself give way in the second, and unable to follow up his blows after the first round, in which he punished Morrissey so terribly, and which Jones, who has seen a hundred fights, declares to be the severest he ever witnessed in the ring. During the sixth round, he states he could not see Morrissey, and lost much strength in striking wild. Morrissey, he says, whether right or not, forced him into this fight, and he is determined, in turn, to force Morrissey to fight him. At present it is his intention to resume his position as deputy to Surveyor Hart, between whom and Heenan a most romantic friendship exists, and he leaves Buffalo this evening for town.

DISGUST OF AARON JONES.

"A more disgusted Britisher than Aaron Jones it would be difficult to find. His opinion of the American Ring is of the most contemptuous description. The idea of men going to see a pugilistic set-to armed to the teeth, is a notion to him as novel as it is *not* pleasing. We really believe he is right when he says that 'it's not the way they do such things at 'ome.' One little incident struck him as particularly queer. In one of the rounds Heenan was fighting Morrissey up into his (Heenan's) corner. Fearing, in the clench, one or both of the men would fall on him, Jones endeavored to move a little on one side; when the Mulligan, clapping his hand on a six-shooter, cried, 'Keep still—(a slight expletive)—or I shoot you down'—(another slight expletive). There is no doubt that Jones, unaccustomed to such scenes, was in very natural fear of his life all the while he was endeavoring to do his duty."

HEENAN'S CHALLENGE.

The following card appears in the papers:

"*To the Editor of the New York Express:*

"SIR,—Myself and friends not being satisfied with my defeat by John Morrissey, on Wednesday last, through sickness, which laid me on my bed for six days previous to the day of fighting, and I only met him on that day to prevent animadversions from himself or his partisans, being totally unfit for the struggle; and, to show that I wished to fight under all disadvantages, I waved my right to claim a turf-sodded ring, according to the first article of the new London Rules. I hereby challenge him to fight me for $5000 a side or upward, and the Championship of America, in four or six months from the first deposit.

JOHN C. HEENAN."

THE EXECUTION OF IRA STOUT.

At Rochester, on 22d October, Ira Stout paid the penalty of his crime with his life. At fifteen minutes past two o'clock the procession, headed by Deputy-Sheriff Warner reached the jail. The military were drawn up in line so as to open a passage to the jail. As soon as they had arrived and taken the places assigned them by the officers, the prisoner, Ira Stout, was brought down from his room to the gallows. He was supported by Deputy-Sheriffs Pond and Marrill, and followed by his spiritual advisers, Messrs. Hotchkiss, Cutting, Boardmann, and others.

The prisoner was arrayed in a suit of black, and wore on his head a white cap. His step was tolerably firm, considering the fact that he had a spell of fainting about noon. On reaching the gallows he took a seat, while Deputy-Sheriff Warren read the death-warrant in a distinct and forcible manner. At the conclusion of the reading Mr. Warren told the prisoner that the time had arrived to put the warrant into execution, and that if he had any thing to say he had now an opportunity. Stout did not rise; but while seated, in a clear and firm voice, said:

"GENTLEMEN,—I am of the opinion that there has been considerable vindictiveness in this matter, and where there is vindictiveness it is difficult to speak. I have left my oracle, which contains an expression of my feelings as a dying man, and that contains all I have to say."

Rev. Mr. Hotchkiss then, standing at the prisoner's right, said he would read the whole of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, at the request of the prisoner, and he read it, the prisoner meanwhile seated, with his head supported by his right hand. At the conclusion of the reading of Scripture Mr. Hotchkiss said he would address the Throne of Grace, hoping that the prisoner would find strength to follow in a short prayer. Mr. Hotchkiss then made an impressive prayer, which interested the audience if it did not the prisoner.

THE LAST SCENE.

The prayer concluded, Mr. Hotchkiss conversed a moment inaudibly with Stout, and then said that he desired him to say that he did not feel strength to pray, but heartily adopted the whole prayer he had just heard. The deputy sheriffs, officers, and friends then shook hands with the prisoner, and Deputy-Sheriff Warner put the rope about his neck and drew the cap over his face. While the officers were pinioning his arms, Stout stood quite erect, and remained in that attitude till the last. He was quite firm in his demeanor, and gave the same complacent smile to all in bidding adieu that he gave at all times, when conversing, since his arrest.

All being ready, and the spectators standing in breathless silence, at twenty minutes past three o'clock Sheriff Babcock pulled the fatal line, and Ira Stout was suspended three feet from the floor. Not a sound was heard in any direction save the heavy fall of the weight which did the fatal work. The death of the ill-fated man was not as sudden as could be desired. His struggles for eight or ten minutes were severe, and caused the spectators to turn away in disgust.

His neck was probably not dislocated, and he died by a slow process of strangulation. Drs. Hall, Avery, James, and Miller stood near, and in eight minutes after the drop fell they said his pulse was as full as in life. At the end of half an hour his body was cut down and placed in the coffin, preparatory to being taken to the residence of his mother in Exchange Street.

PERSONAL.

Captain James Goodrich, aged eighty-nine years, died at his residence in Elm Street, New Haven, on Sunday morning. He was, in early and middle life, engaged in the East India trade, and made a handsome fortune in it; but lost a goodly portion of it by the European cruisers during the war of Napoleon. He has long been waiting for justice from his own country in respect to his losses by the French; but he has not lived to see his claims recognized.

The Reading (Pennsylvania) *Gazette* announces the appointment of J. Glancy Jones as Minister to Austria.

Martin Lane, for nearly thirty years cashier of the Cambridge Bank, Massachusetts, died at his residence in Cambridge, October 16, at the age of seventy-three years. "He was," says the Boston *Courier*, "a native of Northampton, a brother of the Hon. Ebenezer Lane, the former Chief Justice of Ohio, and was much respected for his integrity and simplicity of character. He was the father of Professor Lane, of Harvard College."

The Rev. Theodore Parker has been confined to his house by illness for the past ten days, and it will probably be a fortnight, says the Boston *Transcript*, before he will be able to appear in public.

A Cincinnati paper notices the last solitary banquet of a "last man's" club in that city. In the cholera season of 1832, seven gentlemen agreed to meet annually and dine once together as long as they lived, a bottle of wine to be sealed and drunk in memorium by the last survivor. The first réunion was held on the 6th October, 1832; and, on the 6th October, 1858, Dr. Vattier, sole survivor of the seven, drank from the bottle and pledged the six dead friends whose empty chairs and empty plates were his only society at the last melancholy feast.

General Robles, Mexican Minister, is to be married to a Washington belle upon his return to the United States. In a letter just received the General says he has been unable as yet to enter Mexico, and the period of his return is uncertain.

The Court of Appeals have reversed the judgment in the case of Cancemi, convicted of the murder of Policeman Anderson, and have ordered a new trial.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

AN UNNATURAL FATHER.

A FEW days since, in London, a young woman named Frances Johnson, on being brought up at the Mansion House police-court charged with attempting to commit suicide, stated that she had been driven to that act by the conduct of her father, who not only treated her and her sisters harshly, and refused to support them, but suggested that they should betake themselves to "the street" as a means of earning a livelihood. The girl having become chargeable to the city of London Union, Mr. Johnson was brought up on the 2d on a charge of neglecting to maintain his daughter, and her statement being uncontradicted, he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labor.

PROFITS OF HORSE-TAMING.

The partnership between Messrs. Rarey and Goodenough has been severed; "and while the latter," says the *Illustrated London News*, "has returned to Canada with a cool ten thousand as his moiety, after deducting expenses, the master spirit has taken a journey to Sweden, and purposes seeing Lapland before he returns. It is surprising how the system takes every where."

WHAT IT COSTS TO GO TO LAW.

Nearly ten years ago a gentleman named Hartley died, and bequeathed by will upward of £100,000 to the Corporation of Southampton, to be expended in measures to promote the intellectual improvement of the inhabitants of that town. The will was disputed by distant and dubious relatives of the testator, and litigation has been going on up to the present time in the Court of Chancery. It has ended in a compromise, at the recommendation of the counsel engaged on both sides, and the litigants have withdrawn their claims for £22,500, thus leaving about £78,000 for the Corporation; of that sum, however, the law costs have to be deducted, amounting to nearly £35,000, and legacy duty amounting to nearly £4500, so all that remains to carry out the dying wish of the testator is £39,780. Much indignation is felt in Southampton that, after the reform of the Court of Chancery, litigation can last so long there, and its expenses be so enormous. The cost of taxing—that is, reducing—the law-charges was nearly £1000.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR FIRST, JUSTICE AFTERWARD.

"On the trial of the engineers and others accused of negligence in the affair of the late accident on the St. Germain Railway," writes a Paris correspondent, "M. de Lapeyrière, the managing director of the Western Company, was called as a witness. He did not answer to his name, and, after a pause, M. Victor Lefranc, the barrister, said that M. de Lapeyrière was detained in Paris by duties which he considered paramount. To this cavalier answer to the subpena the judge replied, with dignity and warmth, 'M. de Lapeyrière has been summoned to attend here personally, and among his duties as a director we know of none more imperative than that of obedience to the call of a court of justice.' M. Lefranc rejoined, with a malicious twinkle in his eye, 'But what if the obstacle proceeded from a sovereign order concerning a train in which the sovereign proposes to take a seat? This is just the case.' The judge sat rebuked and silent."

THE QUEEN'S OPINION OF THE EMPEROR.

Le Reveil publishes the following anecdote, the perfect authenticity of which it guarantees: "It is the custom at the Court of St. James's that, at the evening dinner, the children take their place at the table of the Queen, who then dismisses all the servants, and converses *en famille* on her plans, her ideas, and her friendships. Some time after her return from Cherbourg one of the young Princes, quitting the Royal table, and finding himself in a saloon with some strangers, approached a person of high rank for whom he has a very particular affection, and said to him, in a loud voice, 'Oh! mamma said to-day at dinner that she was much attached to the Emperor Napoleon, that she had great confidence in him, and that he was her best friend.' At this moment came up a Prince older than the speaker, who reprimanded his brother for his indiscretion; but the words were repeated next day in all the drawing-rooms of London—repeated and applauded."

SPAIN.

CIVILITY TO BANDITS.

The official advertisement sheet of the Spanish Government, called *Diario de Avisos*, contained, a few days ago, an advertisement requesting four men who, armed with short carbines, in the month of June last, robbed seven passengers in the Prado, to "present themselves before the judge of the northern district of Madrid, or to take up their temporary abode in any of her Majesty's jails." The official sheet of Seville contains an advertisement to the like effect, addressed to some bandits who have been exercising their profession in that province.

ITALY.

CAREER OF A LUCKY GROOM.

Baron Ward, the famed Yorkshire groom, who played so important a part at the Court of Parma, has just died at Vienna. The history of this extraordinary man is full of remarkable events. He left Yorkshire as a boy in the pay of Prince Lichtenstein of Hungary, and after a four years' successful career on the turf at Vienna, as jockey, he became employed by the then reigning Duke of Lucca. He was at Lucca promoted from the stable to be valet to his Royal Highness. This service he performed up to 1846. About that period he was made Master of the Horse to the Ducal Court. Eventually he became Minister of the Household and Minister of Finance, which office he held when the Duke abdicated in 1848. At this period he became an active agent of Austria during the revolution. As Austria triumphed he returned to Parma as Prime Minister, and negotiated the abdication of Charles II., and placed the youthful Charles III. on the throne, who, it will be remembered, was assassinated before his own palace in 1854. As soon as Charles III. came to the throne the then Baron Ward was sent to Germany by his patron as Minister Plenipotentiary, to represent Parma at the Court of Vienna. This post he held up to the time of his royal patron's tragical end. When the present Duchess Regent assumed State authority, Ward retired from public life, and took to agricultural pursuits in the Austrian Dominions. Without any educational foundation, he contrived to write and speak German, French, and Italian, and conducted the affairs of State with considerable cleverness, if not with remarkable straightforwardness. Baron Ward was married to an humble person of Vienna, and has left four children. Perhaps no man of modern times passed a more varied and romantic life than Ward—the groom, statesman, and friend of sovereigns.

THE HOLY LAND.

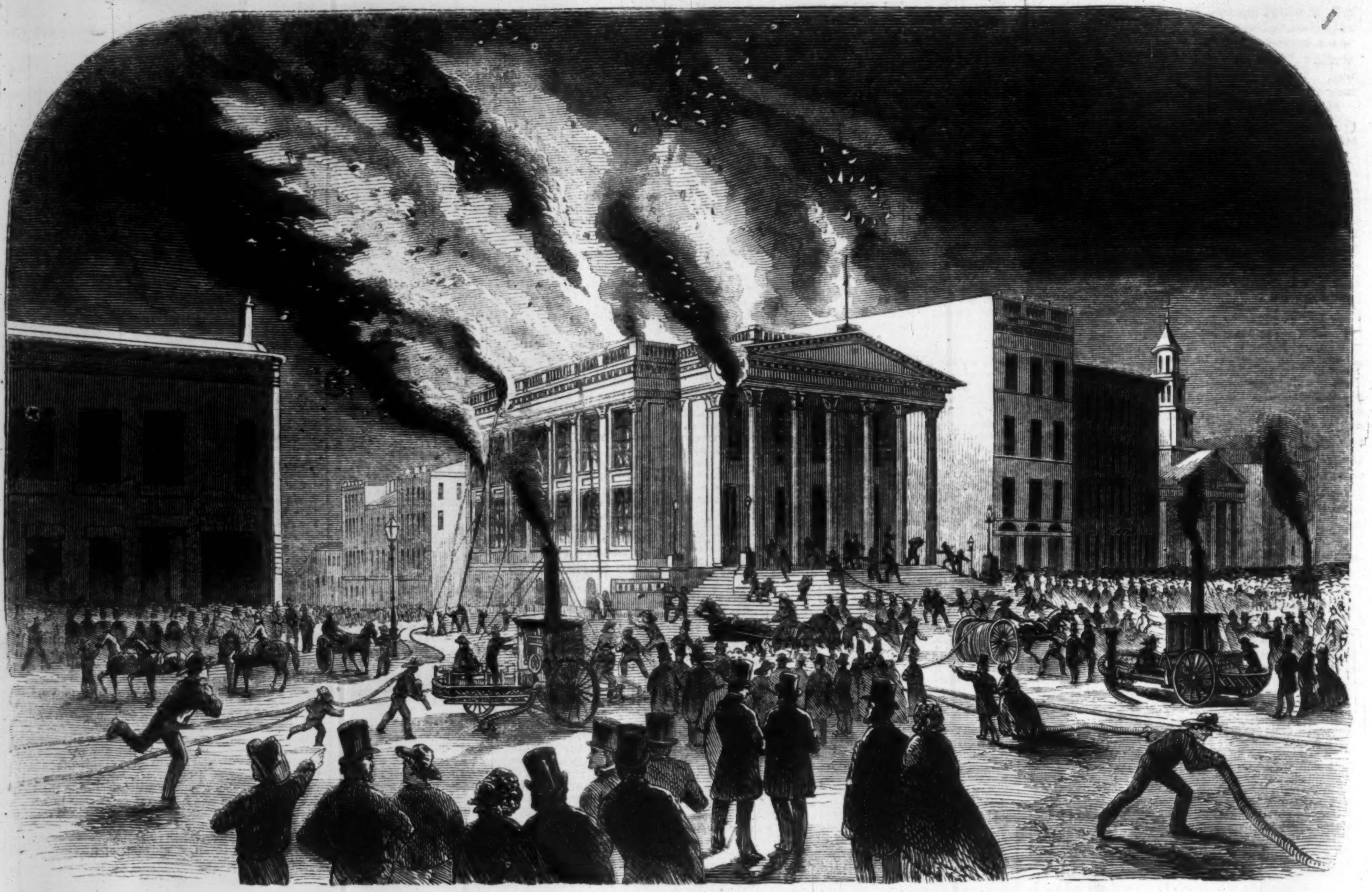
MURDER OF AN ENGLISH LADY AT JERUSALEM.

Miss Creasy, an English lady long resident at Jerusalem, left her residence, situated near the Damascus Gate, on the evening of Friday, the 3d ult., with the intention of proceeding to the British consul's encampment. Under the impression that Miss C. was at the consul's, her absence appears not to have occasioned any anxiety in the minds of her friends in the city until the afternoon of Monday, the 6th. On Tuesday, however, tidings reached the consulate that Miss Creasy was missing, and nowhere to be found. Immediate search was made in every direction, but all in vain until Thursday morning, the 9th, when the remains of poor Miss C. were found, in an advanced state of decomposition, lying in a field near the consul's ground, but some distance off the path. A deep wound was found on the temple, occasioned, no doubt, by a stone, as one was found close by the body covered with blood. The little property which she had about her—such as a ring and the contents of a small bag—were taken; and the body of this poor Christian lady was left to be devoured by the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. After this discovery the Europeans who were living outside the walls, under tents, immediately broke up their respective encampments, and returned to their homes within the city. The bearing of the native population toward the Christians, especially European, has been such as to create deep anxiety in the minds of the residents. What are we to expect when such a barbarous outrage is perpetrated under the very flag of the English consulate, and upon an inoffensive English lady, and near the consular residence?

CHINA.

BAKED ICES.

One of the army of occupation at Canton writes: "In China they *bake ices*. An ice is enveloped in a crust of delicate pastry, and introduced into the oven. The paste is quickly baked, and the ice is still unmelted, having been protected from the heat by its envelope; and thus the epicure has the delight of biting through a burning crust, and then immediately cooling his palate with the grateful contents."



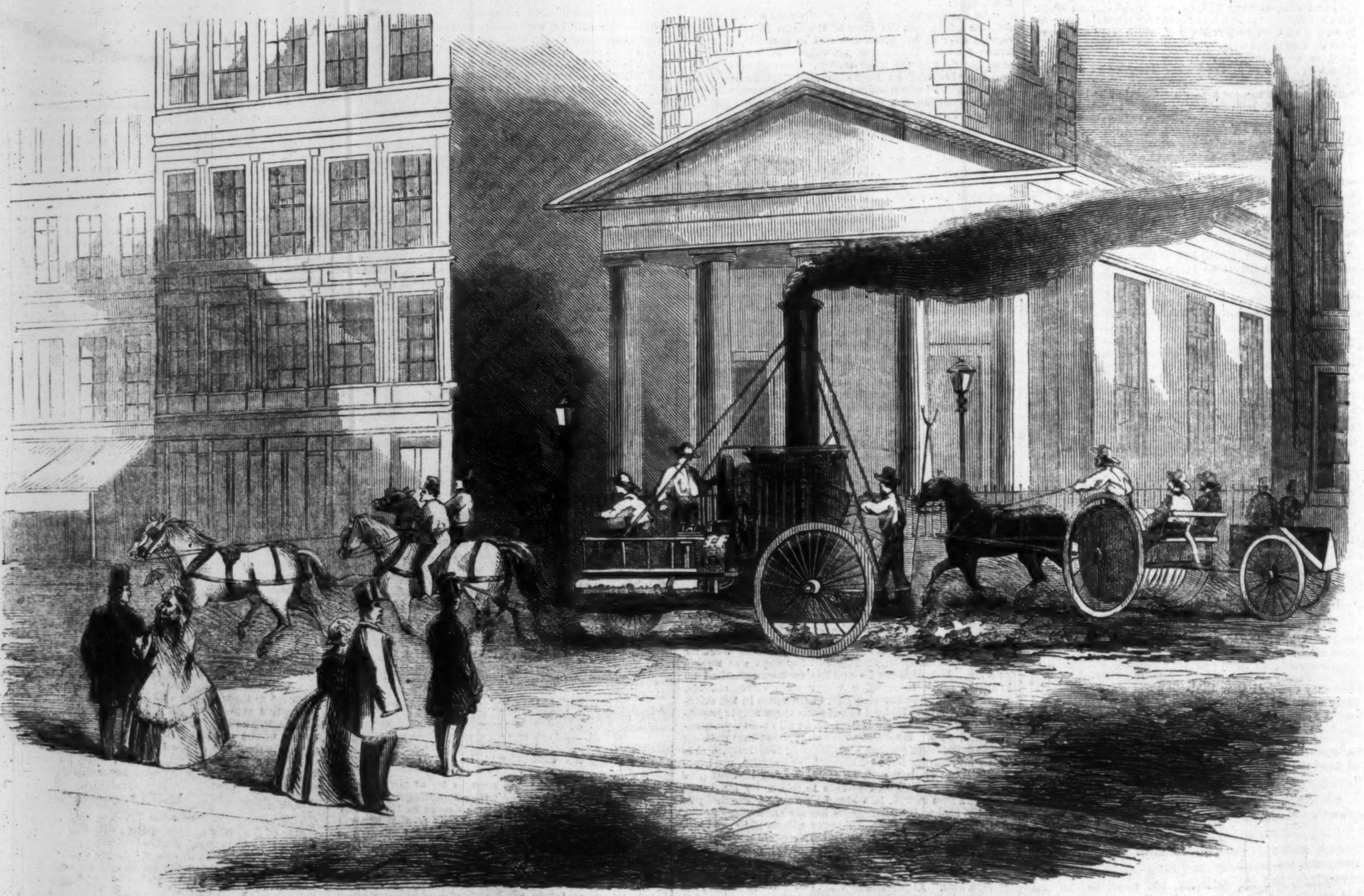
A FIRE AT CINCINNATI.

FIRE DEPARTMENT OF CINCINNATI.

The exhibition in Wall Street last week of a steam fire-engine from Philadelphia, naturally directs attention to the Fire Department of a city where steam long ago superseded manual labor in driving fire-engines. We allude, of course, to Cincinnati.

The first move made in Cincinnati toward the establishment of the existing system was in 1852, when Mr. A. B. Latta, of that city, invented and constructed a fire-engine to be run and worked by steam. After many disappointments and delays, an appropriation was obtained from the City Council to aid in its construction; and it was finally brought out for public trial in January, 1853. This engine the city bought, and its performance at fires gave such general satisfaction that, in October following, Mr. Griffin Taylor, a wealthy citizen of Cincinnati, agreed to advance the builder ten thousand dollars for the construction of another of the same kind, modified by several important improvements of the inventor's devising. This second machine was finished in 1854; and its performance so far exceeded the promise of the first, and exhibited so much power and capacity of service, that several of the citizens, with the aid of some of the insurance companies, made up the requisite sum and bought it, and presented it to the city. It hence took the name of "Citizens' Gift." This is a fine, heavy, strong, and reliable machine. As is seen in the cuts she has the locomotive power attached, and by this, when steam is raised, she is chiefly propelled. Four powerful horses are generally attached to her, however, to drag her home and to move her out before the steam is up. This splendid machine works a double cylinder and a double pump, and is of herself capable of extinguishing any ordinary fire, not under very destructive headway, in a few minutes.

The performance of this energetic engine is not equaled by that of any other in the world. In an experimental trial of her capabilities, at the time of the great Railroad Celebration in Cincinnati, last year, she ran four squares and was throwing two fine streams through two hundred feet of hose that had been laid and run up a ladder five stories high, in precisely six minutes from the tap of the



STEAM FIRE-ENGINE ON THE WAY TO A FIRE.

bell, at which moment she was standing cold and unhitched in the engine-house. Her best throw was a horizontal stream from an inch and a half nozzle a distance of two hundred and eighty-seven feet. To work this machine, including the horsemen, requires the services of ten men.

Mr. Latta, soon after the construction of this engine, designed and constructed one of a smaller size, represented in our second cut. Steam may be got up in these in five minutes, and they do not require so copious a supply of water, two ordinary fire-plugs being sufficient for their demand. The larger machines must depend upon the immense cisterns with which Cincinnati is so well supplied. Where there are no such cisterns they would fail for want of water. Four of this class of engines are capable of throwing upon a fire, in ten minutes after an alarm, nearly 71,500 gallons of water per hour. Of the larger class Cincinnati has now three, whose united power is equal to the discharge—without weariness, interruption, or cessation—of 107,150 gallons per hour; so that the whole seven can throw upon a fire a volume of water equal to over 178,500 gallons an hour. The full power of the twenty-eight hand-engines in use previous to the introduction of these steam machines, which required the constantly renewed labor of several hundred men, was only equal to the discharge of 121,200 gallons an hour. The smaller engines require the services of one engineer, one fireman, and five men to manage the hose-reel and hose, of which each is provided with one thousand feet. A small tender is attached to carry fuel. This size may be drawn by men; but horses, for any species of fire apparatus, are so much more efficient and desirable that the labor of men in this branch of the fire service may profitably be dispensed with.

In the Cincinnati department the entire round of the fire apparatus—the steam-engines, hose-reels, hand-engines, and hook-and-ladder carriages—are all drawn by horses. This saves the men a heavy amount of labor, which, under the old system, often exhausted their strength before they arrived at the fire.

A few months after the efficiency of the steam fire-engine had been well established to the public satisfaction, the grand movement was made in Cincinnati in favor of a total reorganization of the fire department. An ordinance was passed through the City Council abolishing the volunteer companies, and establishing the pay system, by which course all the fire apparatus became the property of the city, the men who worked them were employed and paid by the city, and its authorities assumed entire control of the department in every branch of its service. This was a reformatory measure of the most salutary character, and was attended with the most beneficial results.

The change encountered much opposition at first from the incredulous adherents to the old system, and was only finally carried through and established on a firm and successful basis by the perseverance and ability of one man—a man of tried energy and experience, and who, happily, possessed the unrestricted confidence of all parties to the controversy to which the introduction of so radical a change in a long-established custom had given rise. To Miles Greenwood, a public-spirited manufacturer who gave the time and labor of two years to its government and organization, the city of Cincinnati, and, prospectively, the whole country, is indebted for the triumphant introduction of that admirable fire-system for which the city has been now for several years distinguished. Not only was all opposition to the innovation speedily silenced, but the entire voice and approbation of the community was heartily won over to its support. Not a man could now be found to consent to even a temporary return to the old irresponsible and turbulent volunteer system.

The management of matters at a fire is as orderly, and we had almost said as quiet, as the commencement of exercises in a church. We might be forced to admit a little exaggeration here; but if we had said town-meeting instead of church, we should have maintained the fairness of the comparison. The truth is, there is very little noise at a fire now, and no confusion. Any disorder or misconduct among the firemen themselves is altogether out of the question. The Mayor can as certainly rely upon the firemen—not only for keeping orderly themselves, but for resisting and checking disorder in others—as he can upon his own police. A finer, and more trustworthy, and intelligent body of men can not be got together, for any municipal occasion, than the tap of the fire-bell will call out in ten minutes upon any square of the city of Cincinnati.

The Fire Department of Cincinnati consists of one Chief Engineer and two Assistant Engineers, elected every two years by the City Council, and one Captain and two Lieutenants for each company of thirty men. The Chief Engineer has a salary of one thousand dollars a year, and exercises exclusive command over all other officers and men. He is to superintend and systematize the work at fires, and examine into the condition of the apparatus, and watch over the general force. The Captains are appointed by a Board of Supervisors, and have jurisdiction over their respective companies; and are to preserve order and enforce the discipline, and make periodical returns of the condition of their engines and men, and of all other matters intrusted to their care. The men are engaged and paid by the Board of Supervisors, and may be discharged any moment on complaint of misconduct. No one must absent himself from the city for forty-eight hours without providing a substitute; and for absence from duty, in case of fire, each member is subject to a deduction from his pay. Of the thirty men belonging to each company, five are attached to the engine-house, and of these two must be always on duty at each house. No independent associations, or companies or clubs of firemen, are permitted. The alarm system is very simple and effective. There is a central watch-tower overlooking the city, to which is attached an immense alarm-bell, whose deep toll may be heard in any corner of the city. The town is also provided with an indicator, consisting of four red balls, corresponding with the number of fire-districts into which the city is divided. These are illuminated at night, and may be seen from a great distance. The taps on the different alarm-bells distributed over the city of course correspond, in case of fire, to the number of balls exhibited on the main tower, and the location of the fire is readily traced.

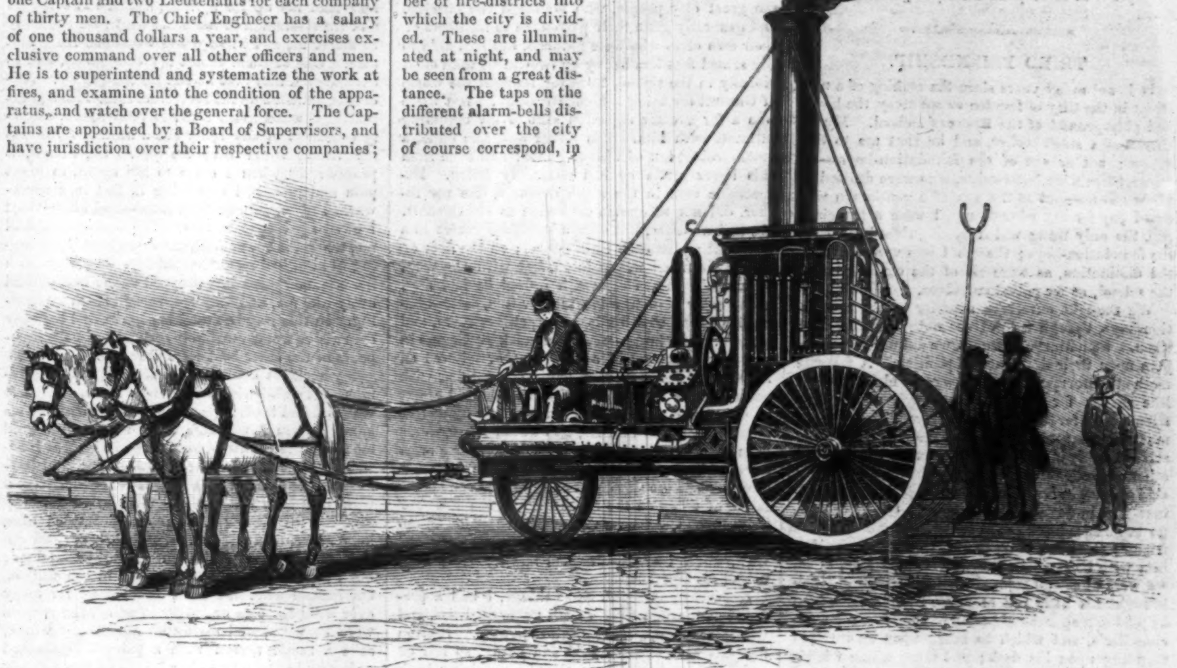
The excellence of this system, including in the estimation the auxiliary value of steam as the chief element of power, is developed in its economical and effective working. It accomplishes, in the most thorough and expeditious manner, the prime object of any fire system, which is to put out the fires as soon as they break out. It does not prevent them—this could scarcely be expected—but it arrests their progress, and prevents the destruction of property. Under the Cincinnati system a fire is promptly subdued. It is a standing rule with the Cincinnati firemen never to let a fire get beyond the house in which it may have originated; and in this design their efforts are generally, we had almost said uniformly, successful. What is wanted to suppress a fire is water, promptly applied; and this can be poured on by the unwearying steam-engines in an irresistible deluge, adequate, in a reasonable period, to the extinguishment of the flames of Vesuvius. A fire must have seized on some uncommonly combustible material if it is not put down in the building in which it originated. Steam fire-engines are capital inventions for insurance companies. They could well afford to furnish and support two or three in every large city in the country. An experienced underwriter of Cincinnati lately remarked that his Company "felt a great deal more secure against serious loss with a hundred thousand dollars at risk in a block than they formerly did with forty thousand." And with reason. The annual average loss in that city, under the old hand-engine system, was about six hundred thousand dollars; the introduction of steam machines has reduced the average to two hundred thousand—notwithstanding the enlargement of the city limits, and the great increase in manufactories and other public and private buildings. From reports of the Chief Engineer of Cincinnati we make up the following table of comparative results:

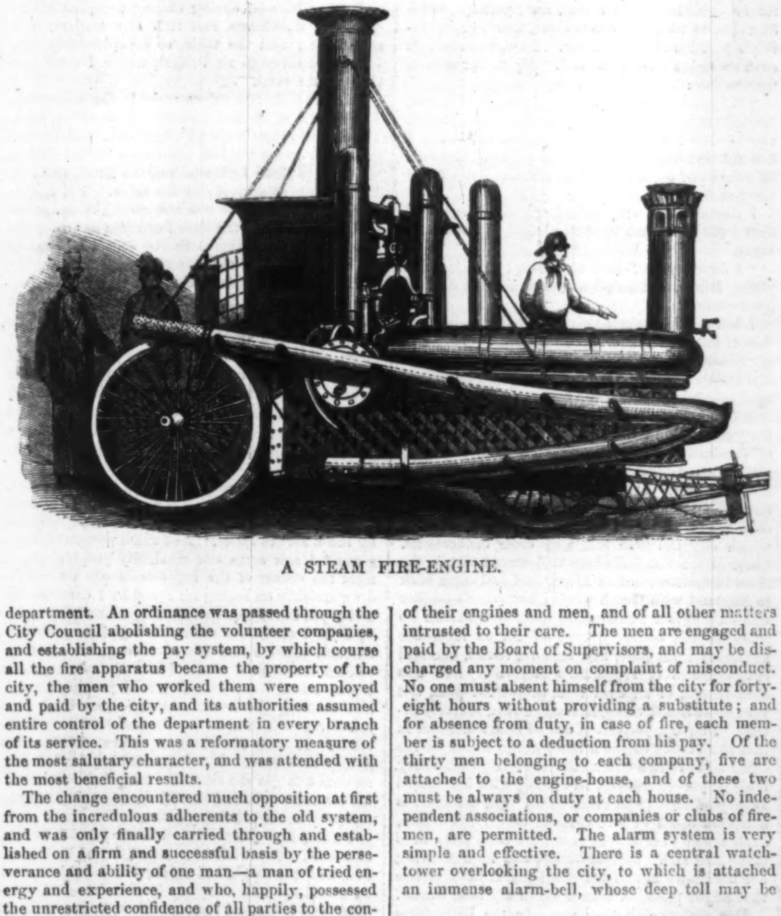
Year ending	Loss.	Insurance.	Loss over Insurance.
April, 1854.........	$608,906	$330,039	$[illegible]50,817
" 1855.........	120,876	84,831	35,985
" 1856.........	276,035	103,730	172,365
" 1857.........	184,119	157,489	26,630
" 1858.........	359,784	219,051	140,733

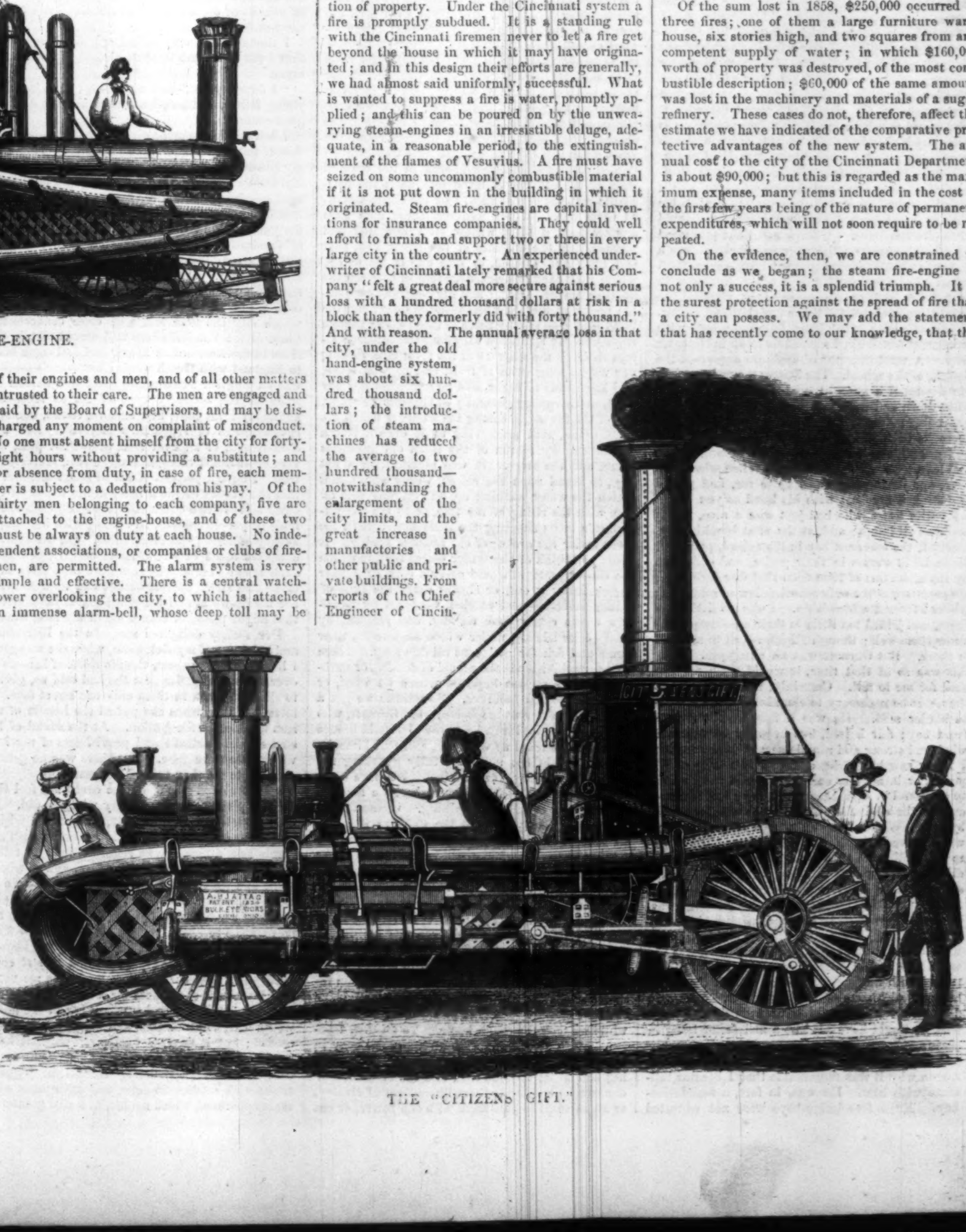
It will be observed that the aggregate of losses for the *three* years ending in April, 1857, was $581,030; being $26,876 *less* than for the single year ending in April, 1854.

Of the sum lost in 1858, $250,000 occurred in three fires; one of them a large furniture warehouse, six stories high, and two squares from any competent supply of water; in which $160,000 worth of property was destroyed, of the most combustible description; $60,000 of the same amount was lost in the machinery and materials of a sugar refinery. These cases do not, therefore, affect the estimate we have indicated of the comparative protective advantages of the new system. The annual cost to the city of the Cincinnati Department is about $90,000; but this is regarded as the maximum expense, many items included in the cost of the first few years being of the nature of permanent expenditures, which will not soon require to be repeated.

On the evidence, then, we are constrained to conclude as we began; the steam fire-engine is not only a success, it is a splendid triumph. It is the surest protection against the spread of fire that a city can possess. We may add the statement that has recently come to our knowledge, that the


THE SMALL STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.


A STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.


THE "CITIZENS' GIFT."

Board of Underwriters of the city of Louisville have purchased one of the Latta engines for the use of the Department of that city, and that the St. Louis Board have also ordered two as a donation to their city. Both bodies will doubtless find their profit in these prudential yet generous donations.

TRIED FRIENDSHIP.

It is not many years since the making of a new street in the City of London swept away the house and play-ground of the Brewers' School. My father was a stock-broker, and he sent me to this school; not as one of the foundation-boys—of whom there were but twelve, who were dressed in black gowns—but as the son of a gentleman who could pay for my education. I wore a trencher-cap, the only thing which distinguished me from the foundation-boys; though I was very proud of the distinction, as were all of the commoners of the school, as we called ourselves.

We thought ourselves superior to the foundation-boys, though we did not object to play with them. Sometimes, however, we did not scruple to joke upon their difference of position. A favorite method of tormenting them was to bleat at them like sheep; for none of these boys, unless their friends paid for them, were provided with any other meat than mutton, that being the only viand prescribed for their diet in the founder's will. We had other odd relics of the wisdom of by-gone times. We said prayers in Latin, and sung rejoicings at Christmas-time in doggerel Latin verse. Quainter still, no boy's admission to the foundation, nor even his friend's payment, if he was a commoner, provided him with lights. In the wintry mornings, when we were at school from six o'clock till eight, each brought his little roll of colored taper, for which he paid sevenpence-halfpenny at Cowan's, the wax-chandler's, and which he stuck upon an iron pin standing upon his desk; and those whose friends objected to the school's heavy charge for fires had always been permitted to bring each morning a small log as a contribution to the school-fire, for we boasted that we never burned sea-coal.

I have lived to a good old age; but I was never a strong boy, and could not take pleasure in the rougher games and amusements which the others delighted in. I had, besides, a pride in being neatly dressed, and had a dread of getting a spot or soil upon my little frill. My sky-blue pantaloons, and neat black silk waistcoat, with its standing collar, were the pride of the school; but the crowning glory came when I first put on a pair of Hessian boots—a small, but beautifully polished and elaborately wrinkled pair, cut heart-shaped at the top, with black tassels hanging from the fronts. They were made by Oldisworth, and I believe if any boy had wished to establish the superior respectability of our school over Merchant Tailors', or Saint Paul's, he would have begun by challenging them to match this pair of Hessians. Glorious indeed they were! and I never begrudged a twopence to the shoe-black round the corner, who would polish them all the way up, tucking in some paper round the tops to keep my pantaloons from being soiled. Even our master, Dr. Crouch, was at last overawed by them. He rarely chastised me; but, one day, I having given him a sharp answer, he aimed at me a blow with his cane as I sat high upon the third form, behind rows of other boys. I know not what prompted me to such boldness, though most likely it was a desire to preserve my external appearance from injury; but I instantly raised my right leg with both hands, and, presenting my boot, received the cut full upon the sole. Some boys tittered at this. A second and a third blow followed; but, with wonderful dexterity, I warded these off in the same way. A faint murmur of applause expressed the delight of the school. The Doctor seemed puzzled. He hesitated a moment, and then desired me to come down and walk into his room. I obeyed in great fear; but, to my surprise, when I had got there he only pointed out to me the impropriety and probable bad effects of my insubordination, and let me off with an apology. When school was over, one daring boy came up to me, and patted and stroked my boot with his hand as you would a favorite horse who had just won a race, which made us all laugh; and, at the next breaking up, Garnett, the cleverest boy in the school, privately made Latin verses in their praise, and called me by the nickname of Hess from that day forth.

Garnett was the only school-fellow of mine with whom I formed a friendship. I was too little with them, and joined too little in their amusements, to know them well; though all were civil to me, as I to them. But Garnett was an exception. Why this was so at that time, it would, even now, be hard for me to tell. Certainly, if a similarity of character be necessary to close intimacy, it would be harder still. He was a fine, healthy, open-faced boy; fair haired, but browned by sun and wind, and strong and nimble as a trained wrestler. I never saw him fight, or heard him brag of his power, or insult any one. He would put an end to a quarrel in a good-tempered way; but it never entered the head of any of us that he was restrained by fear. We all knew that boys of greater size would have little chance against him, if he chose to attack them. In every other respect he was as different from me as any boy could be. He was always clean; but in other things careless of his appearance. His rough, starchless shirt-collar was crushed and wrinkled; his black neckerchief hung with two long loose ends fluttering in the air as he walked the street. His regulation gown was always rent, and he generally had one ragged corner tucked into his pocket, which got him the good-humored nickname of Tatter-Garnett. I have no doubt that if he could have been dressed as I was, he would have felt like a malefactor hung in chains.

I have spoken of his gown, which was another reason why it was remarkable that I became intimate with him. He was, in fact, a foundation-boy. Even foundation-boys were not educated gratis, as the founder had intended. Ingenious evasions, which no one dreamed of using to avoid the absurdity of the perpetual mutton diet, had nevertheless been employed to defeat the charitable aims of his will. Nor could a presentation to the foundation be obtained without interest with the great city people, who managed the charity, and generally gave their patronage to members of their own class who were reduced, but still able to pay school fees less heavy by two-thirds than ours. Nobody in the school, however, thought the worse of Garnett for being a foundation-boy. But there was a far greater objection still to my becoming intimate with him. His father was, like mine, a stock-broker, but of a lower grade; and even from this lower grade he had miserably fallen. Respectable men in the same business, like my father, did not recognize such men as old Garnett. He had no office, but only a wretched garret in a court out of Saint Swithin's Lane; on the door of which his name was painted, but with the word "private" to warn clients, if indeed he had any, not to enter without knocking, for this, besides being his office, was his bedroom, sitting-room, and kitchen. He hung about the Stock Exchange in a greasy old coat and a rusty hat, or loitered on the steps of offices in courts adjacent, talking with other men as greasy and rusty as himself, about nobody knew what kind of business, for he had no money to buy for himself, and would hardly have been intrusted to buy or sell for others. He must have had some remnant of pride, too, for he felt himself to be too shabby in appearance even for the father of a boy on the foundation of the Brewers' School; and, when he visited his son, made an appointment to meet him in the garden of Salters' Hall, where I often saw them talking and pacing to and fro together.

Notwithstanding all these things, I had a profound admiration for Garnett's noble qualities, and what were, to me, his marvelous powers. It often happens that boys so bold and hardy, so full of active life and spirit, are slow in acquiring book knowledge; but he was not. He was, indeed, first in most things. There was no Pons Asinorum at which he broke down. His verses had rarely a false quantity. He had what, for a boy, must have been a wonderful knowledge of algebra. He could draw better than any of us; and even in his sports was equally dexterous and clever. Many boys were jealous of him; but no shadow of such feeling fell on me. I gloried in his success as if it was my own; and was fond of praising him to my friends and others. What was there that Garnett could not do? "Ah!" I used to say, "I wish you could hear Garnett." I was proud of knowing him—proud that he should choose me, above all the others in the school, to be his friend and constant companion. Walking about with him, my arm in his, or leaning on his shoulder, I was always cheerful and content, for I never thought of his slovenly appearance. On holidays the boys went roaming about where they pleased. Some sat in Guildhall, on raw, wintry, and foggy days, looking at the painted giants and the sculptured tombs, and warming their numbed fingers at the charcoal fires kept burning in braziers round the great stone hall. Others found their way into St. Paul's, or played at hide-and-seek in the covered walk of the old Royal Exchange, until the merchants came at four o'clock, and the beadles turned them out. In fine weather, those who were anglers took a little willow stick and line and strolled into the marshes of the River Lea, near Old Ford and Leyton, or into one of the docks, where they caught small flounders in between the floating timber. But I and my constant companion preferred the old Custom-house quay, and the band that used to play there in those days; though sometimes we wandered all along the tortuous alleys through the wharves at the river side, picking our way among cases of fruit, and bags of spice, and hogsheads of sugar, and merchandise of every kind, and stopping generally at Queenhithe stairs, one of the few spots among the wharves which are picturesque, still preserving as it does a Dutch quaintness, by reason of the clean old granaries there, and the trees. It was pleasant, on a hot day, to stand upon the rotten, weedy stairs, and watch the water washing up, and gaining step by step with the rising of the tide, or to see the watermen's boats shooting the little cataracts in the river under the arches of old London Bridge. It made you think of pleasanter places still, to which the running stream would carry a cork or feather if you threw it out, or slowly carry the boat of a lazy steerer—cool reaches, bordered by meadows where cattle were feeding, and studded by shady osier islands, under which anglers fix their punts and fish for gudgeons all day long. There was no prohibition in the school of boating or bathing; indeed, no one inquired where we went, or what we did, on holidays. Sometimes we got a waterman to row us to Chelsea; but Garnett, who could row, would hire a boat when he could induce the owner to trust us with one, and pull himself; while I sat in the stern carefully guarding my clothes from injury, and steering. We have been, in this way, as far as Putney, where we found a gravelly plot of beach for bathing. Garnett could swim, float, and play with the water as if it was his natural element, and he tried hard to teach me, holding up my chin and directing me how to strike out. But I did not learn. I was slim, and did not float easily, and grew timid when the water carried me off my feet.

One day we had been upon one of these trips, and were returning on the river, near Chiswick, in the afternoon. The morning had been fine, but clouds had come up, and a little rain began to fall, with gusts of wind. Garnett said we must run inshore for shelter, and, if the rain continued, leave our boat at a boat-house to be taken on to London, while we took the coach home. To do this, I began to turn her head across stream. Midway in the river was another boat, with two rowers, pulling like us against the tide, and the alteration of our course, looking to them like an act of rivalry, or an attempt to pass them with one rower, or cut them out, as it was called, they set up a cheer and began to pull vigorously. We scarcely noticed this till they were close upon us, and my bad steering did not help to prevent a collision. They cut our boat right across, and in an instant we were struggling in the water. The strong arm of Garnett held me up for a time; but the two rowers and the steersman of the other boat rose suddenly to assist us, and in so doing swamped their boat also. One of them seized my companion, and so encumbered him that he lost his hold of me. After this, I drifted up the river, and sank with a great roaring of water in my ears; but rose again, scarcely conscious of any thing but a kind of faith that my friend could save me yet. So, indeed, it proved; for when I came to life again, in great pain and misery, I was lying in bed in a white-washed room, with Garnett there—and I knew that I owed my escape to him. His attempt to hold me, while the rower from the other boat was hanging to him, had so exhausted him that when both his encumbrances had dropped off he had drifted away like me, and only recovered breath by floating. In this way he found me again, and held my chin above water until help arrived; but the occupants of the other boat were drowned.

My accident caused me a serious and long illness. It ended with a dangerous fever. Garnett watched and tended me all the while I was at Fulham. When it was safe to do so, they removed me to a little country-house of my father's at Hoxton—a white house covered with a vine, and having a garden hidden by a high red-brick buttressed wall, in a lane called Grange Walk. I dare say that the busy streets and shops of London have long ago spread over this neighborhood, and destroyed all traces of its former rural character; but I have often stood at the door in the wall of our garden next the lane, and looked far away over a field of oats or barley in which the reapers were at work, and seeing no houses any where, save a rustic tavern with a painted sign-board swinging between two elms before its door.

In this quiet retreat I at last began to recover; and, wasted as I was, could put on my clothes once more, and walk about the sheltered garden with a stick. Garnett was always with me. Till this time I had never brought him to my house—not that any feeling of pride prevented me; it was rather consideration for him, and, perhaps, some fear that he would refuse to come, knowing my father's position and his feeling. Now, however, all such thoughts were at an end. My father said to me one day:

"My gratitude to your young friend is, of course, very great, and any thing I could do to advance him hereafter would delight me; but you know I can not be brought into contact with old Garnett. It would not do, and I would not have it on any account."

I thought this very unfeeling; but I answered that I did not think Garnett wished his father to come.

"I dare say not," said my father; "he is a fine young fellow, and has, I am sure, a great deal of good sense."

I had another companion in my illness—a gentler, if not a kinder or a better nurse. This was my cousin, Alice Vanderlinden. Since my father had been a widower her old maiden aunt had managed our household, and Alice was often with us. Her father was a merchant, with a house in one of the yards behind the Monument, where the firm of Vanderlinden, with some changes of partners, had been established ever since the reign of William the Third. At that time the ancestor of Alice's father—a merchant whose ships traded to the Indian seas—had come over from Amsterdam, in which city the firm had still close connections. Some of the Vanderlindens had served certain periods in the Amsterdam house, and had come back to England with Dutch wives; but Alice's mother was an English woman, and Alice had herself no trace of the ordinary type of Dutch face—the abundant light hair, and smooth, round, cheerful countenances of Hobbima's pictures. She was dark-haired, of an oval face, somewhat pale, but very beautiful, I thought, though then scarcely fifteen. I have a portrait of her of that time, and in this she stands beside a little table, while on the other side are two Greek columns hung with heavy folds of purple curtain, ill suiting with her simple beauty and her plain black dress. On the table is a basket made of straw tubes of various colors, such as our French prisoners were then allowed to make and sell. In this basket she used to bring her needle-work, and many a book or little article that might please or amuse me in my long illness.

Her society delighted me. In the listlessness and indolence of my sick room, when she was gone, I had no other pleasure than to think of her—to go over again the stories that she had told us, giving to all the women in them only one sweet face. I knew her ring when she pulled the handle of the iron bell across the garden. At the sound of her step all the lassitude and peevishness of my low, weak state were gone. But there was no greater pleasure to me than to hear her read.

Garnett liked Alice; but he could not feel that dreamy pleasure in her society which I did. He used to tell her droll things, and laugh with a boisterous heartiness, that told me better than any words how differently he regarded her. I talked to Alice of my friendship for him, and of what a noble and wonderful fellow he was; so that we became all great friends. I taught Garnett to play at chess when I was getting well; for Alice had no patience to learn, and we sat and played while she worked. I was not a bad player; but Garnett learned to beat me very soon; and at last could even put a ring over a piece, and give me notice that he would checkmate me with that piece and no other. Alice, who knew nothing of the game, would watch him do this, and laugh when he succeeded; but it never ruffled me. Garnett knew an infinite variety of things which would amuse us. He was particularly skillful in jugglers' tricks with cards, and dolls, and other more elaborate apparatus, which made him a still greater favorite with us all. I have nothing more to tell of this time, save that Alice gave me one day a goldfinch in a lacquered cage, which I kept for years, till the bird grew old and blind, and lost half his feathers.

My school days came to an end soon after my recovery. In the very last term there was a great examination, to be followed by a formal adjudication of prizes in the presence of the friends of the scholars and patrons of the school. I had won prizes at such examinations, and felt little doubt of getting some prize this time, particularly in Euclid and in Roman history; but none knew the result until the great day of the award, when the winners would be called up to the table by the master, and presented with the prizes in the presence of the company. I had a strong wish to win something on this occasion—the crowning point of my school life; and on the afternoon of the distribution felt more excited than I had ever felt before. Walking to and fro in the lane before the school-house, alone—for I had not seen Garnett that day—I met my godfather, old Mr. Moy, who was a lawyer, and lived behind the Mansion House, or in Stocks Market as he called it, from its name when he was a boy. Alice Vanderlinden was leaning on his arm, looking, I thought, more beautiful than ever; but I was too nervous to say more to her than "good-morning." My godfather asked me what prizes I meant to take.

"I may perhaps get one in Euclid, Sir," I answered.

"We shall be there," said Alice. "I hope you will gain it."

"So you have given all your time to Euclid?" said my godfather.

"I have done my best in other things," I replied; "but I have many clever school-fellows who have done the same."

My face flushed as I said this with a thought that never before had caused me any shade of pain, but it passed away quickly; though, after they had left me, I continued walking about the street till most of the scholars had gone in. When I went in and took my place I looked round the room, and saw Garnett at a distance from where I sat. He had come in unperceived by me, and the rows being filled up, I could not go over to speak to him. Alice, too, was there, with my godfather and other friends, sitting among pompous aldermen, and merchants, and rich city traders, in a semicircle round the table, so conspicuously that I was not sorry to sit behind, where I could see them unobserved.

Garnett took two prizes early in the ceremony. The prizes in Roman history fell to other boys. The Euclid prizes were adjudged nearly last; and as yet my name had not been mentioned. When we came to these I glanced toward Alice, and saw her looking attentively at the table. The names were called, but mine was not among them. The first was the son of the then Lord Mayor elect; the second—some movement in the school told me so before they called the name—was Garnett. He advanced to the table in his gown as a foundation-boy, and took the little case of books, which was the prize, with a bow to the company. The master spoke some words of compliment as he sat down, amidst the boys' cheers. I had glanced again at Alice a moment before. She was then looking round the room, as if in search of me, for she could not have seen me where I sat. When the prize was given she was looking down with a thoughtful expression. Was she grieved, I thought, for my failure?

I did not care to see my friends just then; but, with a cowardice of which I was afterward ashamed, I stole away, before any of the rest, to walk down by the wharves alone. As I came out of the play-ground I saw some one stealthily peeping round from the corner of the lane—some one who withdrew quickly on seeing me; and as I came to the end of the lane I saw the same figure walking away up a yard which was not a thoroughfare. It turned back before I had passed it long, and, looking behind me after a while, I saw the same person where I had first seen him, still peeping round, and ducking the head, and shrinking back in a manner which even to me then seemed very ludicrous. It was old Garnett, more shabby and greasy than ever. He was watching for his son, no doubt to get the earliest news of the result of his examination, and unwilling to be seen by the company in their holiday attire.

I knew that Garnett would soon join his father, and walk away with him into Salters' Hall Garden, and I was glad to think that for this reason he would not miss me; but it was a rare thing indeed, and it seemed strange to me, to go down by the river without Garnett. Something of the feeling which had come upon me unawares when talking to Alice and my godfather of the boys who would compete with me returned. What it was exactly I shrank from asking of myself; but I felt that it did injury to my whole nature. Never till then had I dreamed that I regarded my old friend and school-fellow with the faintest thought of envy; but now I remembered that my preparation for this prize day had been different from all other such occasions. I had never told Garnett those things in which I had taken most pains, and for which I hoped for success. I had thought that there was no other reason for this than a wish to win my prizes fairly—not taxing his generosity to let me win by his neglect—for how could we two strive against one another for the same thing? But now I felt that there had been another feeling which he had never suspected—a shrinking from the whole subject of the examinations closely akin to the cowardice with which I now stole away from him to walk about alone.

There was some public festival that day, on what occasion I have now forgotten; but all along the river above bridge the barges and small vessels had colors flying, and from some of the wharves they fired guns. Many people were about; the day, though at the beginning of November, and rather cold, was fine and cheerful, and the exercise of walking, and the bustle that I saw, helped to raise my spirits. I determined to shake off my gloomy thoughts and ungenerous feelings, and go back at once. As I drew near the school again I met Garnett just coming from Salters' Hall Garden. He came up to me and shook hands, looking so cheerful and so far from suspecting what had been my feeling that I was struck with remorse. I would gladly have told him the whole history of that day, but dared not, lest even a breath of such a sentiment as envy should so change our friendship that it could never be again what it had been.

Nor was this all. I could not rest without giving some active tokens of this feeling toward him. When I went into my father's counting-house I begged my father to take him also, that he might serve his articles with me, which was agreed to. And now Garnett, living in the house with me, and being my constant, faithful companion, as before, all thought of that unlucky day soon vanished. Such was his openness and generous nature, that no dream of rivalry had ever ruffled it. I could not help feeling this, and growing to admire him and respect him more and more. Indeed, I had become now so used to his society—for I had no other friend—that when he had been absent in the country on business for a few days the place seemed empty, and I as if all the habits of my life had suffered violent change. Nor even when his term was ended, and he began business for himself, were we less together; for his office was not far off. He took at first some troublesome business, which my father did not care to have, but which to him was welcome; and with this, and some connection which he secured for himself, he soon began to make a little way. The most remarkable change, however, which this introduced was in the appearance of old Garnett. From the first the son had treated him as the head of the new business, writing up on the door of his office the words, "Garnett and Son;" and now the old man was seen no more loitering about the courts in the city, or chatting on door-steps with his old companions. Whether he was the chief of a fraternity of greasy, shabby old men, which fell into complete dissolution when he resigned his post, or whether he helped at once to clothe them better, or by what other surmise to explain the fact, I know not; but certain it is that, from that day, even his old associates seemed to have vanished. Some of their faces and other characteristics I knew well; but I often looked for them in vain, wondering where they had gone or what had become of them. Old Garnett himself was, indeed, so changed that it would have been hard to recognize him if I had not been prepared for it. His long, gaunt figure had become more upright. Over his few thin gray hairs he had put a neat brown wig. His white cravat, though still touched with a little of the old mouldiness, was broad and full, and ornamented with a large pin; and his blue coat with metal buttons, his Hessian boots, and gray pantaloons, wrinkled and shrunken as they looked, were infinitely superior to any thing I had ever seen him wear. But the crowning ornaments were his thick-rimmed silver-gilt double eye-glass hanging round his neck, and the spotted Malacca cane with which he walked about. Every body noticed the change; and it was a pleasure to me to hear what they said of his son. Was I not right, who from the first had seen in Philip Garnett one of the noblest fellows in the world?

Alice often saw, and talked with the old stock-broker; and even my father was not too proud to recognize him now, but would shake hands with him when they met in the street, and say, "How d'ye do, Garnett? How d'ye do?" when some such conversation as this generally took place:

"Oh, pretty well, thank you; all but the old enemy."

"Troublesome again, is he?" said my father, who had no notion of what complaint he was speaking.

"He never lets go of me."

"How does business thrive?"

"Very well; only our Phil—"

"Your son?"

"Yes: he is so very—" Here the old man would raise his hand, and shake it several times in the air, and wink, as if my father must understand that better than any words.

"No serious complaint against him, I hope?" said my father, puzzled.

"No, no," replied Garnett, dropping into a whisper; "but the fact is, he is hardly fit for this business. He won't look abroad. He has talent enough to make a Goldsmid; but he'll never be one. I might have had a share in a courier the other day with a Hamburg house—a glorious chance; but no."

"A good sign," said my father. "Depend upon it, he has a longer head than most young fellows, and will beat us all in time."

At this old Garnett would shake his head and go up the street, shaking it still, and talking to himself aloud, while he flourished his cane to and fro, sometimes striking pieces of waste paper or leaves from the ground, and tossing them high into the air, in a way which I used to fancy yielded a relief to his mind, as best expressing to himself how he would strike moral obstacles from his path had he but as a young and vigorous man to begin the world anew.

"Poor old Garnett!" my father used to say. "What little brains he had are clearly gone." My father had indeed a high opinion of the prudence of the son; and when a kind of business was offered to him which required a surety for a considerable amount, my father voluntarily undertook to give the bond.

Alice Vanderlinden had now grown into a woman. All the time I had been in my father's counting-house she had been our playmate and our friend. The Vanderlindens being my relatives, we passed to and fro between the two houses, as if they were but one—Garnett and I often dining with Alice and her father, when she sat at the head of the table as mistress of the house. Nobody else ever dined there, save the old head clerk; occasionally a Dutch correspondent of the house, equally grave; and once or twice Garnett's father, whose oddity pleased Mr. Vanderlinden. Alice's life was dull enough, but she did not complain; but took to her duties, her household accounts, and the huge bunch of keys which she kept in her basket, with a sort of matronly dignity which often made me laugh, and yet was beautiful in my eyes. Month after month, in winter and in summer, she saw nothing but the square paved yard under her window, and its sooty-looking tree, whose leaves came out late and dropped off early, except on Sundays, when she went to church in a lane close by, running down to the river, where a sleepy preacher, in a pulpit carved and ornamented by Grinling Gibbons, drawled out discourses which had no merit but their shortness.

Shall I say that in all this time I had no secret from my old school-fellow and loved companion, my more than friend and brother, and that our trust and confidence was so perfect, and without shadow of reserve, that there was not a thought or feeling, or inward wish, which could have been imagined to be mine, of which he could not speak, or say it could not be, because unknown to him? Not one. For how could I speak of that which, even to myself, was still vague and shapeless, and only to be guessed from signs and hints, by which he himself might have known it, but did not any more than I? So it was until one memorable day.

I was in the long drawing-room in the Vanderlindens' house, with Alice and her sister. I had been with them more than ever lately; for Garnett had been away on some business in the north of England. Something led me to talk of him, as indeed I often did with Alice, to whom he was as familiar a companion as myself. I was never tired of praising his good qualities, his kindness to his father, his great talents; and Alice would always join me, adding something to my praises. But this day, for the first time, she avoided the subject.

"It is a droll thing," said I, hardly noticing this, "that poor old Garnett, fond as he is of Philip, thinks him not half so business-like as himself."

Alice was silent, bending over her work, while I continued:

"The old gentleman has all kinds of wild dreams. He thinks that, with Philip's talents, he ought to command wealth; and all in a moment."

Alice was still silent: but I was walking to and fro in the room, and looking out of windows, as I spoke, at the withered leaves, which were twirling about in little eddies in the yard—so that even now I hardly observed that she made no response.

"For my part," said I, "I feel sure that whatever he does is best: for what is there he could not do, and do well? At school he threw us all into the shade; and in my father's counting-house every body remarked his industry and good sense. You have heard your father speak of this. Do you remember?"

She made some answer, but so faintly, that I looked round.

She had dropped her work, and was arranging the beads of a necklace on her younger sister, who was sitting beside her on a stool, with her head lying back in her lap. There was a slight confusion in her manner, so unusual with her, that it struck me in an instant; and when she looked up, her face was crimson.

What life was ever yet so long and so perfect in its happiness that it could outweigh the misery which that moment cost me! I said no more to Alice; nor she to me then. I wanted time to think over the suspicion which had now entered my mind, to steal its peace and rest for many a day and many a night. I loved Alice deeply; had loved her all along. Witness the anguish of my heart that day.

I had been so much with her—had known so little obstacle to my seeing or talking with her—had so seldom missed her for one day—that even the happiness I owed to her had become part of the habit of my life, and passed unquestioned. There had been no break in all that long time of pure delight by which I could measure or guess its absolute perfectness. Had I ever gone away from home, even for short periods, as Garnett had, I could not have failed to have known it. Would that I had! or that something else had told me, or prompted me to speak to him of it long before.

How could I doubt that she loved Garnett? Her silence, her confusion, her flushed and troubled countenance, when I spoke of him, told me better than words, or any sign could tell me. Never before had she shown this. Perhaps his long absence had made her more than ever mindful of him. It was possible that my words, coming at the very moment when she was thinking of him, had startled her with a suspicion that I knew her secret, and sought to wring it from her; though Heaven knows how far this had been from my thoughts. But why had I not suspected this before? Who could help liking Garnett? Who that had been with him so much as she had been, seeing all that was great and generous in him, his power, his talent, and his happy temper, could fail to love him? Had I not myself done all I could—ay, even to that very hour—to make him still more glorious in her eyes?—voluntarily abasing myself before him—taking a pleasure, even—so perfect was my friendship—in confessing my inferiority in all those things which could touch a heart so tender, and so good as hers?

I felt it was in vain to regret, and yet how often and how deeply I did regret that Garnett had not from the first suspected my feeling toward her. I knew too well his nature to doubt what course he would have taken. He would have stifled all thought of any thing but brotherly affection; or, if he could not trust himself, would have shunned her for my sake. I was sure he would. Yes; even this he would have done; for when did I ever know him willing to purchase pleasure for himself at any cost of pain to me? But there are sacrifices too great—sacrifices impossible even for a friendship such as his. If, in all his steady industry—never dreaming of my affection for her—he had cherished a hope of winning her one day, and had revealed this to her by some word or action—and if she, as was too clear, loved him no less—it must be so. I thought I would satisfy myself of this; and, having done so, would henceforth be true toward him, as I had ever been. This was plainly what I ought to do. It should not be said that my friendship had been mere idle words, a selfish bond to be broken without scruple, even for such a cause. This was my final resolution. But oh, the trial! Oh, the pain and sorrow of that time!

I was glad that he was away; because it gave me leisure to think on these things, and to recover something like calmness. I even saw Alice as before, carefully concealing my trouble, not mentioning Garnett again, but determining to wait for any other thing which might confirm my suspicion. I saw them meet when he came back, and there was the same look of confusion in her face when she caught my eyes upon her; a look of trouble, so far beyond all doubt, that I felt that some kind of hope, which I had secretly held till then, was suddenly gone; and with that went out, and left them there.

Garnett had come back from his journey pale and ill; and indeed there had been, for a little while, a change in him which, slight as it had been till now, was visible to me. I had not spoken to him, taking it for some care of business, which it was better to try to dispel by talking of other things; and now it was too late. I dared not question him; but guessed what it was, in various ways; yet all having reference to the one idea that haunted me at all times, and in all places; but never with one bitter thought toward him—never with a doubt that even his secrecy, so unusual as it was, must have good reason for it.

Something, indeed, weighed heavily on his mind. I could not doubt that; I felt it when I was with him, in every tone and movement. Some months had passed like this, when one evening I went to his counting-house to talk with him on some trifling matters. He generally took tea with his father, or sometimes alone in his room, among his papers, where he would sit till it was late, writing or reading. I came down a passage into his house, and could see into his room in the daytime, across a grated area on one side. This evening he had not drawn down his curtains, and with the light in the room, I could see through the wire blind of his window. His tea-service was beside him as usual; but the fire was out, and the lamp beside him threw a dim light even with its shade. Garnett was seated at his table, where he had evidently been busily engaged. His arms were resting on the desk, and his face was buried in his hands. He was not asleep; for I saw him move, look up, and then return to the same attitude.

It might have been merely weariness, or perhaps some feeling of illness resulting from his unceasing labor; but I felt that there was something more than this. In spite of my own trouble I was touched with compassion for him. What could that grief be in which I might not soothe him? The question startled me, even then, as if it had never come before, by day or night, to torture me. But I resolved that I would not be silent any more. That night should bring my trouble to some issue.

Garnett opened the door to me, and I followed him in. He asked me if I had seen his father, who had been away, he said, nearly all day, on business, and had promised to return earlier. I took this for a passing remark, and answered that I had not seen him.

"You are in trouble, Garnett," I said; "what is it?"

He started slightly, and answered, Nothing—nothing that he need weary others with; he was not well.

I was not deceived by this; I knew that there was something more; some cause for that depressed and anxious look, which, for some reason, he would not tell me.

"Phil," I said, after a while, "you must tell me this; for I can not rest until I have done my part to relieve you. Is it not for my sake you are silent?"

He made some involuntary motion that looked like assent; but seemed to check himself.

"Come," I said, laying my hand upon his arm, "let me try to guess it. Your trouble is in some way connected with my cousin, Alice Vanderlinden?"

To my surprise, he looked at me calmly; shook his head, and even smiled. It was clear to me that he felt relieved, for his tone was at once more cheerful. "Why, Hess," said he, shaking hands with me, in his old way, "this tells me quite a long history. You have got into your head that I had fallen in love with your cousin, and hoped to rob you of her—for yours, if I can interpret signs, she shall be one day. Absurd! Never in my life did I dream of such a prize. I was always a poor man even when I thought myself most prosperous; and she always rich compared with me. Besides, I never thought of this."

His sudden change of manner, and the unexpected declaration which he had made, struck me dumb. What folly had I been guilty of! How had I racked myself without any cause, where but one plain, outspoken word had sufficed to end all in a moment!

"What could make you think this, Hess?" he continued. "So often as I have seen her, if I had nourished such a thought, it could not have been secret. It was a thing which her father must have known—and which you, above all, could not have been ignorant of."

I could only grasp his hand, and say "God bless you, Phil!" and own that I had been hasty and unjust toward him.

"Why it would have been a base thing," he continued, "to steal into her house, and try to win her in the way you have imagined."

"It is true, Garnett," I said, after a while; "quite true. I thought my friendship for you perfect, absolutely without spot or stain—such a friendship as must be rare indeed. Now I know that there was something wanting, something that could have made such thoughts as I have lately encouraged quite impossible."

"Think no more of it," said Garnett. "Alice, I am sure, will find that she has no less affection for you; and her father, I know, esteems you too well to regret this. May you all be happy!"

He said this, as he held my hand, with so much tenderness, and in a tone so low and impressive, that all my anxiety about him returned. I pressed him again to tell me what ailed him; but he tried to treat it lightly, and promised that I should know all by that night week. While he was speaking, I heard a tapping at the outer door at which I had entered. Garnett rose when he heard it, and bade me hastily good-night, letting me out by another way. I heard him afterward open the other door and let in his visitor; and I could hear two voices, one of which I felt sure was that of his father.

So now I was sure that all my long suspicion of Garnett's rivalry was but a bad dream. A great load was off my heart; but something of it still remained. Why had Alice looked confused at the mention of his name? Why was she silent when I talked of him? Why did her face flush crimson when I asked her to bear testimony to his goodness? This, indeed, was no dream; and the truth to which it pointed was scarcely less fatal to my hope. But even this suspicion was happily soon ended. I spoke boldly to Alice's father, and to Alice herself; and the last remnant of my foolish doubts, with all of fanciful or real that had stood between me and my happiness, vanished in a moment.

The truth was simple. I learned it from something that I heard from Alice's father, some hints accidentally let fall by his Dutch correspondent, who was then in London, and often dined with them; and finally I learned the truth from Alice's own lips. It was this. On the very afternoon of the day when I was first startled by Alice's confusion, Garnett's father had been with them. He was more than usually garrulous, and seemed elated by some success, or the hope of some success. He talked of his son's prospects, and in his foolish way said he deserved to marry Alice, and he was sure he loved her, and should marry her one day. Few persons now heeded what poor old Garnett said. But Alice could not forget it. It grieved her; and was the cause of her trouble and confusion when I spoke of him, and when she met him. That was all.

It was exactly one week after my visit to my old friend that I had this last conversation with Alice. On that very night, or before then, Garnett had said that I should know what was the meaning of his recent change of manner; but my own happiness was so great that I had no foreboding. I hastened to his chambers soon after dusk, the hour at which I had gone before. As I came down the passage I saw that the room in which he usually sat was dark. The whole house, indeed, seemed empty and deserted, with nothing but blank windows all the way up; for the merchants and business men having chambers there lived elsewhere, and were gone at that time. The iron knocker fell with a dull, dead sound, which made the silence when I waited for an answer to my summons still more oppressive. An old woman who was the housekeeper came at last, and told me Garnett had gone away with his father early that morning, and had left a letter for me, which she gave me.

I took the letter, and bade her good-night, and she closed the door. Then I read it, tremblingly, by the light of a street-lamp. It told me that Garnett had fled; that his affairs were in so great an embarrassment that he dared not stay; that he had taken his father with him; that he could never hope to see me again, or make clear to me how he fell into this trouble. He bade me do him, in my thoughts, what justice I could, when all should become known; spoke of my father's suretyship, and of his hope, one day, if life and health should last, to regain something of his lost name; and ended with the simple word, Farewell.

Oh, what an end to all our years of friendship! Bitter fruit of such a life of promise! But the worst of all was still to come. His flight was known by the morrow, and terrible rumors were abroad. It was said that there were not simple debts only, but forgeries—acceptances in fictitious names, negotiated by him; by Garnett, my old school-fellow and friend, whose name to me was honor itself. A crime was charged against him for which, in those days, men had again and again been given to the hangman. Even my father, whose loss by his flight was considerable, shook his head, and said there could be no doubt. A reward was offered for his apprehension, and the walls placarded with his name. Nobody doubted of his guilt.

Save one. My friendship had been tried before, and proved, and now could not be shaken. Some mystery there was, beyond my power to guess, but my faith was not the less. I knew him best; admired him, loved him still. Not all the proofs that would have taken his life could change my thoughts of him. Show me a man, I thought, who, from such a height of purity and worth, fell without a warning thus. Others, seeing his flight, might have laid their crimes to him; but he had no hand in them. My sorrow for him was great; but it was sorrow only. Many a night I thought of him in his exile; but I did him no wrong, thank Heaven! even in a thought.

Nor did Alice. Month after month, till several years were past, we looked for his return as a joyful event, that must happen one day—when all this mystery would be cleared up; but the time was long. My father died. Alice (now my wife) and I, with our little children, lived in his old house; but we often passed to and fro, dining in the old Dutch merchant's mansion, where her aunt, so long my father's housekeeper, had taken Alice's place. And still there were no tidings of my poor friend

Garnett. Attempts had been made to trace his flight; and it was believed, from some circumstances, that he had fled to Holland. Had we dared to speak of him, the Vanderlinden connections in Amsterdam might have helped us to discover him; but, in the world's eyes, he was still a forger. At length, however, something like a trace of him was revealed. The clerk of their house in Amsterdam, staying in London, and dining, as usual, at Mr. Vanderlinden's, told us that an old man, very decrepit, had once or twice inquired if they had heard of me or Alice; if we were living, and well. But he had lately ceased to come.

Time could never more restore to me my lost friend; but it brought us consolation. Late on one bitter winter's night, as Alice and I were sitting together by the fire, we were startled by the sound of a coach driving into the quiet yard in which our house stood. It stopped at our door, and the bell was rung. Alice turned pale, as I did; for the same anxious hope had struck us both. I took the lamp in my hand, and went down myself.

There was a hackney-carriage at the door, with two trunks upon it; the horses were standing in the biting air, steaming in the light of my lamp. The driver had the coach-door open, and was calling to his passenger to alight. "He had dropped asleep," he said; "tired enough, I dare say, for he has just come off a sea-voyage."

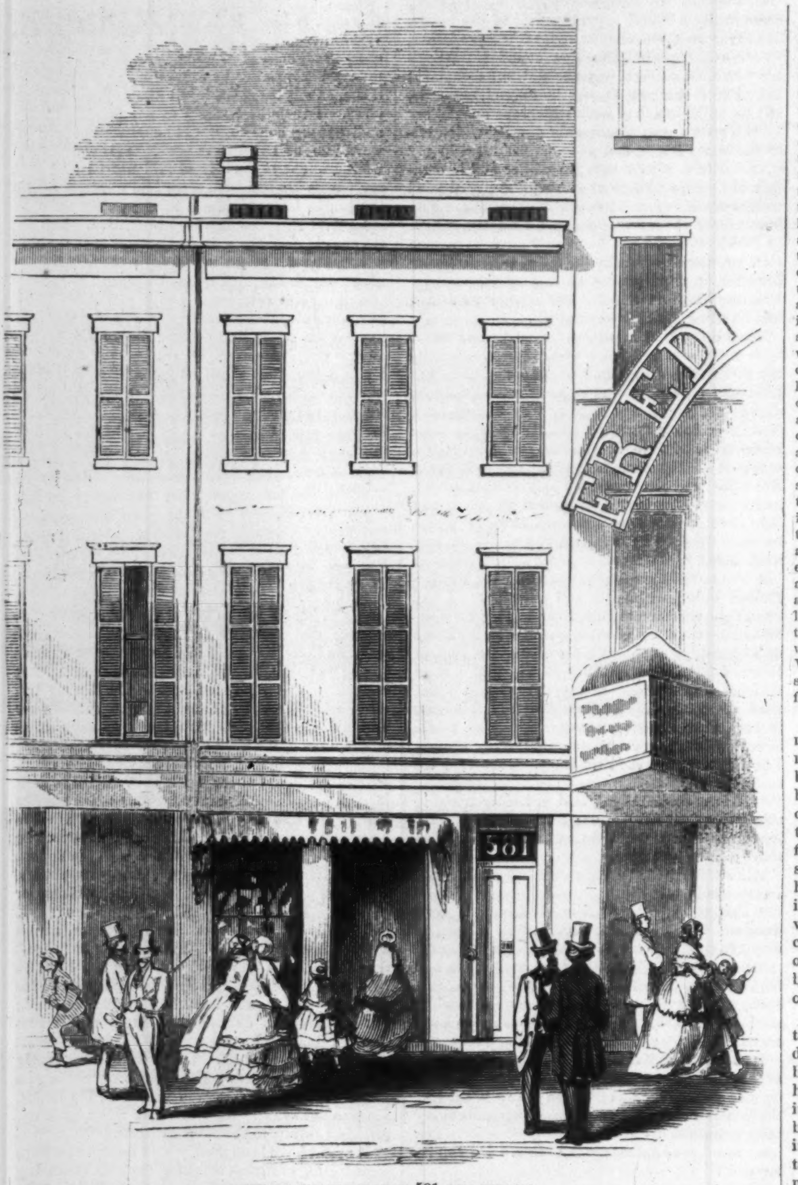
He called to his passenger again, and seemed to shake him, as I rushed to the door, holding up the light, which showed me the inside of the vehicle. Huddled up in two cloaks, and lying sideways on the seat, was the figure of a tall man, with thin gray hair. It was poor old Garnett.

"He seemed very weak when he got in at Deptford," said the coachman. "I think he must be ill."

"He is dead!" I said, as I felt his hand, and threw the light upon his ghastly features. "Dead!"

The doctor, whom the man fetched, confirmed my belief. The wintry weather, and the sea-voyage, and an illness from which he seemed to have been suffering, had destroyed the last weak remnant of his life. He had something to tell us, we knew; but his lips were sealed in death, and we could only gather it from the papers in his trunks, which were addressed to me. They contained letters between himself and his son. A memorandum, like a will, in the handwriting of my old school-fellow—whom I ascertained had died suddenly in Amsterdam, of an epidemic fever, not long before—was also there; and from these, and many papers in the father's hand, I pieced out his dreadful story. It was the old man's dream of making wealth rapidly by speculation which had involved them. The forgery was his; the ruin and disgrace all brought by him. Garnett had no choice but to accuse his father or to fly. In Amsterdam he had made a friend, and found employment in a merchant's house; and there were traces among his papers of an intention of going to America shortly before his sudden death. He had scraped together a small sum of money, which the old man, on the day of his leaving Amsterdam, had deposited in the hands of the Vanderlindens there, for their creditors in England.

So the dark cloud that had rested on him passed away, and left no stain upon his brightness, for none who had known him remained ignorant of his story. I told it, touching tenderly the weakness of the poor old man, who had really loved his son, and in this miserable way had dreamed of lifting him to wealth and honor. I told it in the old Brewers' School, to another generation of boys, who had long heard of his name with only evil associations. I told it to his creditors, whom I called together at my house. I grew rich by my business, and by the wealth which others bequeathed me; and it was but a small thing to me to pay his debts, even to the last guinea; but I would leave nothing undone that could restore his name, long after loved and honored by us all.



THE GAMBLING-HOUSE 581 BROADWAY.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR IN A GAMBLING-HOUSE IN BROADWAY.

A MOST startling and mysterious occurrence divided public attention, last week, with the great prize-fight. An Irish servant girl, who had lately been a servant in the gambling-house kept by Willis at 581 Broadway, had been arrested on a charge of larceny preferred against her by her late employer. On Tuesday last, this girl voluntarily made oath to a series of facts which, if substantiated, would go to show that a most atrocious murder had been lately committed in the gambling-house in question. The girl's affidavit was as follows:

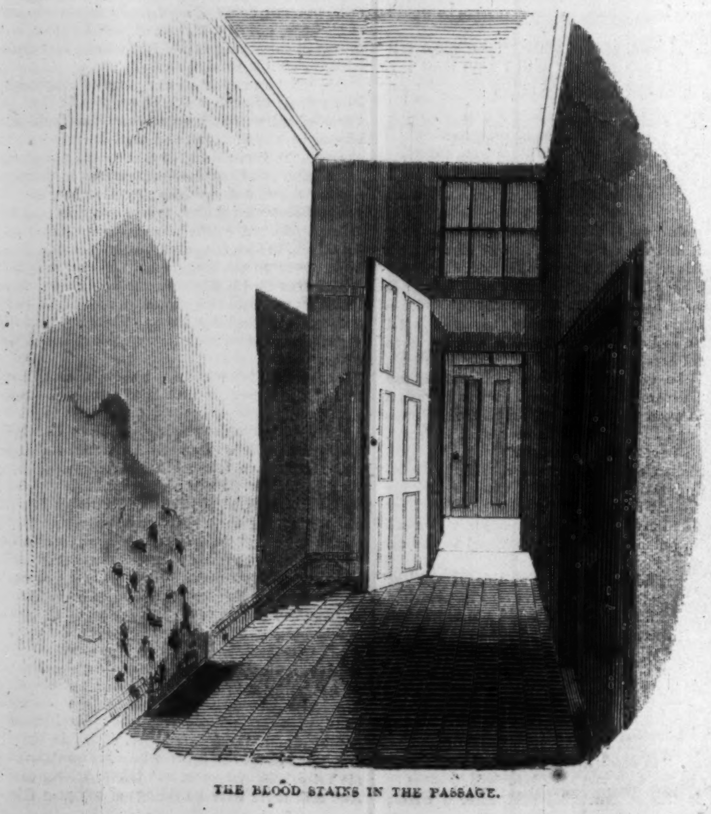
Catharine Mulhearn, being duly sworn, deposes and says—I reside at No. 224 East Fourteenth Street; in the month of August last this deponent was employed and went into the service of Robert L. Willis, of No. 581 Broadway, and further that she continued in his employment until Sunday, the 19th of September following; and this deponent adds that on that Sunday evening, and at or about the hour of two or three o'clock in the morning of that Sunday night, she was awakened by a cry of distress and noise in the lower part of said Willis's house; and this deponent says that, on listening, she distinctly heard some one exclaim, in the entry way of the house, in the lower part of said house, "In the Lord's name spare my life, and I don't care what you do to me;" deponent says that she heard the said Willis say in reply at the time, "The God damn fresh son of a b—, dump him;" deponent could not distinctly understand what else was said, but there were some other hard words and some noise below stairs; deponent says that she arose the next morning about a quarter past five o'clock, and commenced to wash the foul linen of the family; deponent further says that between nine and ten o'clock in the forenoon she went to the cistern to empty some suds, and on removing the cover she saw what seemed to her to be the part of a coat sleeve or cuff just above the surface of the water in the cistern; deponent further says that she took no particular notice at the time; deponent went again to the cistern, about half past one o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, to empty some more wash suds, and on removing the cover from the same cistern she plainly and distinctly saw the upper part of a man's head and upper part of the face, including the forehead, eyes, and a portion of the nose, above the water in the cistern; that he had dark brown hair upon the head and dark whiskers; deponent noticed most distinctly that his eyes were open, or partly open; deponent was much frightened, and shut down the lid of the cistern, and ran away, with an exclamation caused by her fright; deponent further says that she soon afterward saw her sister, to whom she related these facts, and her sister made her leave the house forthwith; deponent adds that when she arose on the morning after she heard the disturbance in the lower part of the house, and of the day she saw this dead man in the cistern, she saw a large quantity of blood upon the wall about the lower entry way of the house, and saw the colored man, Henry, in the act of cleaning it off with soap and water; deponent further says that she spoke to the colored man, Henry, about scouring the walls, and that he told her to mind her own business; deponent adds that in about four weeks after she had left the house she was arrested by officer James E. Duffy, on charge of stealing some articles from said Willis, and also that deponent's sister was arrested on the same charge with deponent; deponent says that she was most anxious to report the fact of seeing this dead man in the cistern, but her sister would not let her, but told her if she did it would be just such a case as Dr. Burdell's was; that she would be locked up as a witness or get herself in some difficulty about it. Deponent further says that the policeman (Duffy) saw her several times before he arrested her on the false charge of larceny, and pretended he wanted to hire her to live with him. Deponent adds that, after her arrest, Willis came to the police-office and told deponent that if she said nothing about his house that the charge would go easy with her, and that there would be no further trouble about the matter, or words to that effect. Deponent further says that the said Willis keeps a gambling-house at the above house and street, where various and different persons come together for gambling purposes, and further deponent saith not.

On the strength of this affidavit, Justice Connolly made a descent on the house, and arrested a number of men who were playing faro in the gambling saloon. On examining the premises, several blood stains were found in the passage leading out of the house, and similar stains were discovered on the lid of the cistern and the fence adjacent. Efforts had seemingly been made to remove these by scouring them. The stains were scraped off, and handed by the police to Dr. Chilton for analysis, in order that it should be ascertained, if possible, whether the blood was that of a human being. The cistern, of which a very fair idea can be formed by our engraving, is very small and narrow. It has been cleaned out by the police, but no further traces of a murder were brought to light by the operation.

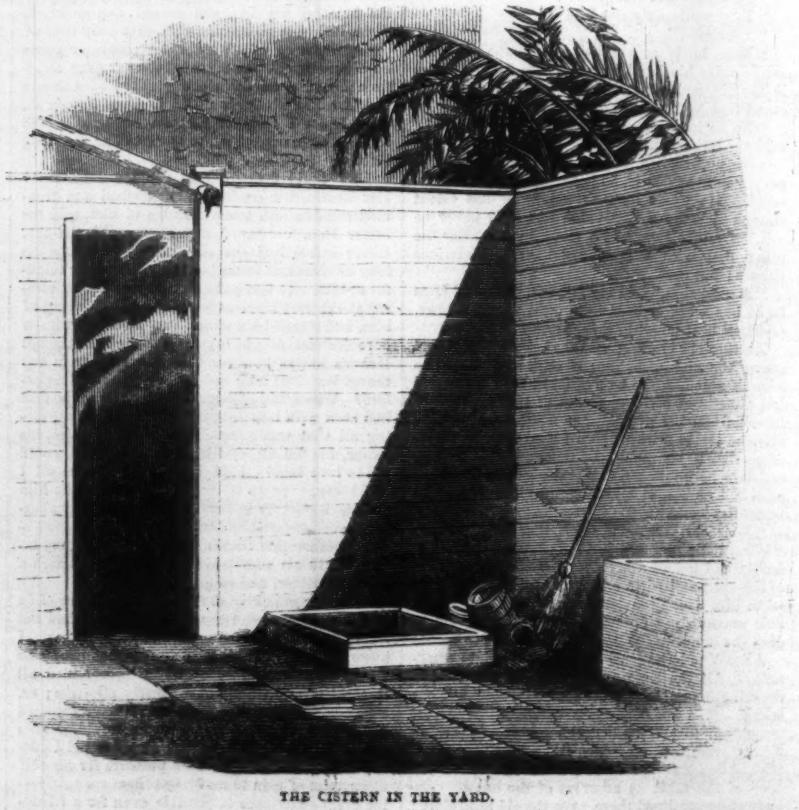
It is possible, of course, that the declarations of the girl were prompted by malice, or that her senses deceived her on the night in question; but as the blood stains appear to offer some corroboration of her testimony, it is due to justice that a thorough investigation should be had. It seems that a week before she made her affidavit her late employer was informed of her alleged discoveries, and of her intention to disclose them. Had a murder been committed, time would thus have been afforded to the guilty party to make away with all traces of his crime.

The house, 581 Broadway, is a plain, unpretending brick structure, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. The ground-floor is occupied by a store, which has no communication with the gambling-house. On the second floor are two handsome rooms, luxuriously furnished, and adorned with paintings and fancy prints. In the back room stands the faro-table, an oblong table covered with green baize, with an indentation at the middle, on one side, for the dealer. In this room was found, among other curious gamblers' tools, a pair of singular shears, which the "knowing ones" say are used to cut court cards so that they may be distinguished, in dealing, from cards of less value.

Willis, the keeper of the house, has been held to bail in a sum of $1000 to answer the charge of keeping a gambling-house. The investigation into the other charge is being proceeded with.



THE BLOOD STAINS IN THE PASSAGE.



THE CISTERN IN THE YARD.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER III.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

A COLD night; sharp frost; winter set in. The shutters are closed, the curtains drawn, the fire burns clear, and the lights are softly shaded in Alban Morley's drawing-room. The old bachelor is at home again. He had returned that day; sent to Lionel to come to him; and Lionel had already told him what had transpired in his absence—from the identification of Waife with William Losely, to Lady Montfort's visit to Fawley, which had taken place two days before, and of which she had informed Lionel by a few hasty lines, stating her inability to soften Mr. Darrell's objections to the alliance between Lionel and Sophy; severely blaming herself that those objections had not more forcibly presented themselves to her own mind, and concluding with expressions of sympathy, and appeals to fortitude, in which, however brief, the exquisite kindness of her nature so diffused its charm, that the soft words soothed insensibly, like those sounds which in Nature itself do soothe us we know not why.

The poor Colonel found himself in the midst of painful subjects. Though he had no very keen sympathy for the sorrows of lovers, and no credulous faith in everlasting attachments, Lionel's portraiture of the young girl, who formed so mysterious a link between the two men who, in varying ways, had touched the finest springs in his own heart, compelled a compassionate and chivalrous interest, and he was deeply impressed by the quiet of Lionel's dejection. The young man uttered no complaints of the inflexibility with which Darrell had destroyed his elysium. He bowed to the will with which it was in vain to argue, and which it would have been a criminal ingratitude to defy. But his youth seemed withered up; down-eyed and listless he sank into that stupor of despondency which so drearily simulates the calm of resignation.

"I have but one wish now," said he, "and that is, to change at once into some regiment on active service. I do not talk of courting danger and seeking death. That would be either a senseless commonplace, or a threat, as it were, to Heaven! But I need some vehemence of action—some positive and irresistible call upon honor or duty that may force me to contend against this strange heaviness that settles down on my whole life. Therefore, I entreat you so to arrange for me, and break it to Mr. Darrell in such terms as may not needlessly pain him by the obtrusion of my sufferings. For, while I know him well enough to be convinced that nothing could move him from resolves in which he had intrenched, as in a citadel, his pride or his creed of honor, I am sure that he would take into his own heart all the grief which those resolves occasioned to another's."

"You do him justice there!" cried Alban; "you are a noble fellow to understand him so well! Sir, you have in you the stuff that makes English gentlemen such generous soldiers."

"Action, action, action!" exclaimed Lionel. "Strife, strife! No other chance of cure. Rest is so crushing, solitude so dismal."

Lo! how contrasted the effect of a similar cause of grief at different stages of life! Chase the first day-dreams of our youth, and we cry, "Action—Strife!" In that cry, unconsciously to ourselves, HOPE speaks, and proffers worlds of emotion not yet exhausted. Disperse the last golden illusion in which the image of happiness cheats our experienced manhood, and HOPE is silent; she has no more words to offer—unless, indeed, she drop her earthly attributes, change her less solemn name, and float far out of sight as "FAITH!"

Alban made no immediate reply to Lionel; but, seating himself still more comfortably in his chair—planting his feet still more at ease upon his fender—the kindly man of the world silently revolved all the possible means by which Darrell might yet be softened and Lionel rendered happy. His reflections dismayed him. "Was there ever such untoward luck," he said at last, and peevishly, "that out of the whole world you should fall in love with the very girl against whom Darrell's feelings (prejudices, if you please) must be mailed in adamant! Convinced, and apparently with every reason, that she is not his daughter's child, but, however innocently, an impostor, how can he receive her as his young kinsman's bride? How can we expect it?"

"But," said Lionel, "if, on farther investigation, she prove to be his daughter's child—the sole surviving representative of his line and name?"

"*His* name! No! of the name of Losely—the name of that turbulent sharper who may yet die on the gibbet—of that poor, dear, lovable rascal Willy, who was goose enough to get himself transported for robbery!—a felon's grandchild the representative of Darrell's line! But how on earth came Lady Montfort to favor so wild a project, and encourage you to share in it?—she who ought to have known Darrell better?"

"Alas! she saw but Sophy's exquisite, simple virtues, and inborn grace; and, believing her claim to Darrell's lineage, Lady Montfort thought but of the joy and blessing one so good and so loving might bring to his joyless hearth. She was not thinking of morbid pride and mouldering ancestors, but of soothing charities and loving ties. And Lady Montfort, I now suspect, in her scheme for our happiness—for Darrell's—had an interest which involved her own!"

"Her own!"

"Yes; I see it all now."

"See what? you puzzle me."

"I told you that Darrell, in his letter to me, wrote with great bitterness of Lady Montfort."

"Very natural that he should. Who would not resent such interference?"

"Listen. I told you that, at his own command, I sent to her that letter; that she, on receiving it, went herself to Fawley, to plead our cause. I was sanguine of the result."

"Why?"

"Because he who is in love has a wondrous intuition into all the mysteries of love in others; and when I read Darrell's letter, I felt sure that he had once loved—loved still, perhaps—the woman he so vehemently reproached."

"Ha!" said the man of the world, intimate with Guy Darrell from his school-days; "ha! is it possible? And they say that I know every thing! You were sanguine—I understand. Yes, if your belief were true—if there were some old attachment that could be revived—some old misunderstanding explained away—stop; let me think. True, true—it was just after her marriage that he fled from the world. Ah, my dear Lionel! light, light! light dawns on me! Not without reason were you sanguine. Your hand, my dear boy; I see hope for you at last. For if the sole reason that prevented Darrell contracting a second marriage was the unconquered memory of a woman like Lady Montfort (where, indeed, her equal in beauty, in dispositions so akin to his own ideal of womanly excellence?)—and if she too has some correspondent sentiments for him, why, then, indeed, you might lose all chance of being Darrell's sole heir; your Sophy might forfeit the hateful claim to be the sole scion on his ancient tree. But it is precisely by those losses that Lionel Haughton might gain the bride he covets; and if this girl prove to be what these Loselys affirm, that very marriage, which is now so repugnant to Darrell, ought to insure his blessing. Were he himself to marry again—had he rightful representatives and heirs in his own sons—he should rejoice in the nuptials that secured to his daughter's child so honorable a name and so tender a protector. And as for inheritance, you have not been reared to expect it; you have never counted on it. You would receive a fortune sufficiently ample to restore your ancestral station; your career will add honors to fortune. Yes, yes; that is the sole way out of all these difficulties. Darrell must marry again; Lady Montfort must be his wife. Lionel shall be free to choose her whom Lady Montfort approves—befriends—no matter what her birth; and I—I—Alban Morley—shall have an arm-chair by two smiling hearths."

At this moment there was heard a violent ring at the bell, a loud knock at the street door; and presently, following close on the servant, and pushing him aside as he asked what name to announce, a woman, severely dressed in iron gray, with a strongly-marked and haggard countenance, hurried into the room, and, striding right up to Alban Morley as he rose from his seat, grasped his arm, and whispered into his ear, "Lose not a minute; come with me instantly—as you value the safety, perhaps the life, of Guy Darrell!"

"Guy Darrell!" exclaimed Lionel, overhearing her, despite the undertones of her voice.

"Who are you?" she said, turning fiercely; "are you one of his family?"

"His kinsman—almost his adopted son—Mr. Lionel Haughton," said the Colonel. "But pardon me, madam—who are you?"

"Do you not remember me? Yet you were so often in Darrell's house that you must have seen my face, as you have learned from your friend how little cause I have to care for him or his. Look again; I am that Arabella Fossett who—"

"Ah! I remember now; but—"

"But I tell you that Darrell is in danger, and this night. Take money; to be in time you must hire a special train. Take arms, though to be used only in self-defense. Take your servant, if he is brave. This young kinsman—let him come too. There is only one man to resist; but that man," she said, with a wild kind of pride, "would have the strength and courage of ten, were his cause not that which may make the strong man weak and the bold man craven. It is not a matter for the officers of justice, for law, for scandal: the service is to be done in secret, by friends, by kinsmen; for the danger that threatens Darrell—stoop—stoop, Colonel Morley—close in your ear;" and into his ear she hissed, "for the danger that threatens Darrell in his house this night is from the man whose name his daughter bore. That is why I come to you. To you I need not say, 'Spare his life—Jasper Losely's life.' Jasper Losely's death as a midnight robber would be Darrell's intolerable shame! Quick, quick, quick!—come, come!"

BOOK X.—CHAPTER I.

Brute force.

WE left Jasper Losely resting for the night at the small town near Fawley. The next morning he walked on to the old Manor House. It was the same morning in which Lady Montfort had held her painful interview with Darrell; and just when Losely neared the gate that led into the small park, he saw her re-enter the hired vehicle in waiting for her. As the carriage rapidly drove past the miscreant, Lady Montfort looked forth from the window to snatch a last look at the scenes still so dear to her, through eyes blinded by despairing tears. Jasper thus caught sight of her countenance, and recognized her, though she did not even notice him. Surprised at the sight, he halted by the palings. What could have brought Lady Montfort there? Could the intimacy his fraud had broken off so many years ago be renewed? If so, why the extreme sadness so evident on the face of which he had caught but a hurried, rapid glance? Be that as it might, it was no longer of the interest to him it had once been; and after pondering on the circumstance a minute or two, he advanced to the gate. But while his hand was on the latch he again paused; how should he obtain admission to Darrell? how announce himself? If in his own name, would not exclusion be certain? If as a stranger on business, would Darrell be sure to receive him? As he was thus cogitating, his ear, which, with all his other organs of sense, was constitutionally fine as a savage's, caught sound of a faint rustle among the boughs of a thick copse which covered a part of the little park, terminating at its pales. The rustle came nearer and nearer; the branches were rudely displaced; and in a few moments more Guy Darrell himself came out from the copse, close by the gate, and, opening it quickly, stood face to face with his abhorrent son-in-law. Jasper was startled, but the opportunity was not to be lost. "Mr. Darrell," he said, "I come here again to see you; vouchsafe me this time a calmer hearing." So changed was Losely, so absorbed in his own emotions Darrell, that the words did not at once waken up remembrance. "Another time," said Darrell, hastily moving on into the road; "I am not at leisure now."

"Pardon me, *now*," said Losely, unconsciously bringing himself back to the tones and bearing of his earlier and more civilized years. "You do not remember me, Sir; no wonder. But my name is Jasper Losely."

Darrell halted; then, still as if spell-bound, looked fixedly at the broad-shouldered, burly frame before him, cased in its coarse pea-jacket, and in that rude form, and that defeatured, bloated face, detected, though with strong effort, the wrecks of the masculine beauty which had ensnared his deceitful daughter. Jasper could not have selected a more unpropitious moment for his cause. Darrell was still too much under the influence of recent excitement and immense sorrow for that supremacy of prudence over passion which could alone have made him a willing listener to overtures from Jasper Losely. And about the man whose connection with himself was a thought of such bitter shame, there was now so unmistakably the air of settled degradation, that all Darrell's instincts of gentleman were revolted—just at the very time, too, when his pride had been most chafed and assailed by the obtrusion of all that rendered most galling to him the very name of Jasper Losely. What! was it that man's asserted child whom Lionel Haughton desired as a wife? was the alliance with that man to be thus renewed and strengthened? that man have another claim to him and his in right of parentage to the bride of his nearest kinsman? What! was it that man's child whom he was asked to recognize as of his own flesh and blood? the last representative of his line? That man!—*that!* A flash shot from his bright eye, deepening its gray into dark; and, turning on his heel, Darrell said, through his compressed lips,

"You have heard, Sir, I believe, through Colonel Morley, that only on condition of your permanent settlement in one of our distant colonies, or America, if you prefer it, would I consent to assist you. I am of the same mind still. I can not parley with you myself. Colonel Morley is abroad, I believe. I refer you to my solicitor; you have seen him years ago; you know his address. No more, Sir."

"This will not do, Mr. Darrell," said Losely, doggedly; and, planting himself right before Darrell's way, "I have come here on purpose to have all differences out with you, face to face—and I will—"

"You will!" said Darrell, pale with haughty anger, and, with the impulse of his passion, his hand clenched. In the bravery of his nature, and the warmth of a temper constitutionally quick, he thought nothing of the strength and bulk of the insolent intruder—nothing of the peril of odds so unequal in a personal encounter. But the dignity which pervaded all his habits, and often supplied to him the place of discretion, came, happily for himself, to his aid now. *He* strike a man whom he so despised! he raise that man to his own level by the honor of a blow from his hand! Impossible! "You will!" he said. "Well, be it so. Are you come again to tell me that a child of my daughter lives, and that you won my daughter's fortune by a deliberate lie?"

"I am not come to speak of that girl, but of myself. I say that I have a claim on you, Mr. Darrell; I say that, turn and twist the truth as you will, you are still my father-in-law, and that it is intolerable that I should be wanting bread, or driven into actual robbery, while my wife's father is a man of countless wealth, and has no heir except—but I will not now urge that child's cause; I am content to abandon it, if so obnoxious to you. Do you wish me to cut a throat, and to be hanged, and all the world to hear the last dying speech and confession of Guy Darrell's son-in-law? Answer me, Sir!"

"I answer you briefly and plainly. It is simply because I would not have that last disgrace on Guy Darrell's name that I offer you a subsistence in lands where you will be less exposed to those temptations which induced you to invest the sums that, by your own tale, had been obtained from me on false pretenses, in the sink of a Paris gambling-house. A subsistence that, if it does not pamper vice, at least places you beyond the necessity of crime, is at your option. Choose it or reject it as you will."

"Look you, Mr. Darrell," said Jasper, whose temper was fast giving way beneath the cold and galling scorn with which he was thus cast aside, "I am in a state so desperate, that, rather than starve, I may take what you so contemptuously fling to—your daughter's husband; but—"

"Knave!" cried Darrell, interrupting him, "do you again and again urge it as a claim upon me, that you decoyed from her home, under a false name, my only child; that she died in a foreign land—broken-hearted, if I have rightly heard; is that a claim upon your duped victim's father?"

"It seems so, since your pride is compelled to own that the world would deem it one, if the jail-chaplain took down the last words of your son-in-law. But, *basta, basta!* hear me out, and spare hard names; for the blood is mounting into my brain, and I may become dangerous. Had any other man eyed, and scoffed, and railed at me as you have done, he would be lying dead and dumb as this stone at my foot; but you—are my father-in-law. Now, I care not to bargain with you what be the precise amount of my stipend if I obey your wish, and settle miserably in one of those raw, comfortless corners into which they who burden this Old World are thrust out of sight. I would rather live my time out in this country—live it out in peace, and for half what you may agree to give in transporting me. If you are to do any thing for me, you had better do it so as to make me contented on easy terms to your own pockets, rather than to leave me dissatisfied, and willing to annoy you, which I could do somehow or other, even on the far side of the Herring Pond. I might keep to the letter of a bargain, live in Phillip's Town or Adelaide, and take your money, and yet molest and trouble you by deputy. That girl, for instance—your grandchild; well, well, disown her if you please; but if I find out where she is, which I own I have not done yet, I might contrive to render her the plague of your life, even though I were in Australia."

"Ay," said Darrell, murmuring—"ay, ay; but"—(suddenly gathering himself up)—"No! Man, if she were my grandchild, your own child, could you talk of her thus?—make her the object of so base a traffic, and such miserable threats? Wicked though you be, this were against nature!—even in nature's wickedness—even in the son of a felon, and in the sharper of a hell. Pooh! I despise your malice. I will listen to you no longer. Out of my path!"

"No!"

"No?"

"No, Guy Darrell, I have not yet done; you shall hear my terms, and accept them—a moderate sum down; say a few hundreds, and two hundred a year to spend in London as I will—but out of your beat, out of your sight and hearing. Grant this, and I will never cross you again—never attempt to find, and, if I find by chance, never claim, as my child by your daughter, that wandering girl. I will never shame you by naming our connection. I will not offend the law, nor die by the hangman; yet I shall not live long, for I suffer much, and I drink hard."

The last words were spoken gloomily, not altogether without a strange dreary pathos. And amidst all his just scorn and anger, the large human heart of Guy Darrell was for the moment touched. He was silent—his mind hesitated; would it not be well—would it not be just as safe to his own peace, and to that of the poor child, whom, no matter what her parentage, Darrell could not but desire to free from the claim set up by so bold a ruffian, to gratify Losely's wish, and let him remain in England, upon an allowance that would suffice for his subsistence? Unluckily for Jasper, it was while this doubt passed through Darrell's relenting mind that the miscreant, who was shrewd enough to see that he had gained ground but too coarse of apprehension to ascribe his advantage to its right cause, thought to strengthen his case by additional arguments. "You see, Sir," resumed Jasper, in almost familiar accents, "that there is no dog so toothless but what he can bite, and no dog so savage but what, if you give him plenty to eat, he will serve you."

Darrell looked up, and his brow slowly darkened.

Jasper continued—"I have hinted how I might plague you; perhaps, on the other hand, I might do you a good turn with that handsome lady who drove from your park gate as I came up. Ah! you were once to have been married to her. I read in the newspapers that she has become a widow: you may marry her yet. There was a story against you once; her mother made use of it, and broke off an old engagement. I can set that story right."

"You can," said Darrell, with that exceeding calmness which comes from exceeding wrath; "and perhaps, Sir, that story, whatever it might be, you invented. No dog so toothless as not to bite—eh, Sir?"

"Well," returned Jasper, mistaking Darrell's composure, "at that time certainly it seemed my interest that you should not marry again;—but *basta! basta!* enough of by-gones. If I bit once, I will serve now. Come, Sir, you are a man of the world, let us close the bargain."

All Darrell's soul was now up in arms. What, then! this infamous wretch was the author of the tale by which the woman he had loved, as woman never was loved before, had excused her breach of faith, and been lost to him for ever? And he learned this, while yet fresh from her presence—fresh from the agonizing conviction that his heart loved still, but could not pardon. With a spring so sudden that it took Losely utterly by surprise, he leaped on the bravo, swung aside that huge bulk which Jasper had boasted four draymen could not stir against its will, cleared his way; and turning back before Losely had recovered his amaze, cried out, "Execrable villain! I revoke every offer to aid a life that has existed but to darken and desolate those it was permitted to approach. Starve or rob! perish miserably! And if I pour not on your head my parting curse, it is only because I know that man has no right to curse; and casting you back on your own evil self is the sole revenge which my belief in Heaven permits me."

Thus saying, Darrell strode on—swiftly, but not as one who flies. Jasper made three long bounds, and was almost at his side, when he was startled by the explosion of a gun. A pheasant fell dead on the road, and Darrell's gamekeeper, gun in hand, came through a gap in the hedge opposite the park pales, and seeing his master close before him, approached to apologize for the suddenness of the shot.

Whatever Losely's intention in hastening after Darrell, he had no option now but to relinquish it, and drop back. The village itself was not many hundred yards distant; and, after all, what good in violence, except the gratified rage of the moment? Violence would not give to Jasper Losely the income that had just been within his grasp, and had so unexpectedly eluded it. He remained, therefore, in the lane, standing still, and seeing Darrell turn quietly into his park through another gate close to the Manor House. The gamekeeper, meanwhile, picked up his bird, reloaded his gun, and eyed Jasper suspiciously askant. The baffled gladiator at length turned, and walked slowly back to the town he had left. It was late in the afternoon when he once more gained his corner in the coffee-room of his commercial inn; and, to his annoyance, the room was crowded—it was market-day. Farmers, their business over, came in and out in quick succession; those who did not dine at the ordinaries, taking their hasty snack, or stirrup-cup, while their horses were being saddled; others to look at the newspaper, or exchange a word on the state of markets and the nation. Jasper, wearied and sullen, had to wait for the refreshments he ordered, and meanwhile fell into a sort of half doze, as was not now unusual in him in the intervals between food and mischief. From this creeping torpor he was suddenly roused by the sound of Darrell's name. Three farmers, standing close beside him, their backs to the fire, were tenants to Darrell—two of them on the lands that Darrell had purchased in the years of his territorial ambition; the third resided in the hamlet of Fawley, and rented the larger portion of the comparatively barren acres to which the old patrimonial estate was circumscribed. These farmers were talking of their Squire's return to the county—of his sequestered mode of life—of his peculiar habits—of the great unfinished house which was left to rot. The Fawley tenant then said that it might not be left to rot after all, and that the village workmen had been lately employed, and still were, in getting some of the rooms into rough order; and then he spoke of the long gallery in which the Squire had been arranging his fine pictures, and how he had run up a passage between that gallery and his own room, and how he would spend hours at day, and night too, in that awful long room, as lone as a church-yard; and that Mr. Mills had said that his master now lived almost entirely either in that gallery or in the room in the roof of the old house—quite cut off, as you might say, except from the eyes of those dead pictures, or the rats, which had grown so excited at having their quarters in the new building invaded, that if you peeped in at the windows in moonlit nights you might see them in dozens, sitting on their haunches as if holding council, or peering at the curious old things which lay beside the crates out of which they had been taken. Then the rustic gossips went on to talk of the rent-day, which was at hand—of the audit feast, which, according to immemorial custom, was given at the old Manor House on that same rent-day—supposed that Mr. Fairthorn would preside—that the Squire himself would not appear—made some incidental observations on their respective rents and wheat crops—remarked that they should have a good moonlight for their ride back from the audit feast—cautioned each other, laughing, not to drink too much of Mr. Fairthorn's punch—and finally went their way, leaving on the mind of Jasper Losely—who, leaning his scheming head on his powerful hand, had appeared in dull sleep all the while—these two facts: 1st, That on the third day from that which was then declining, sums amounting to thousands would find their way into Fawley Manor House; and, 2dly, That a communication existed between the unfinished, uninhabited building and Darrell's own solitary chamber. As soon as he had fortified himself by food and drink, Jasper rose, paid for his refreshments, and walked forth. Noiseless and rapid, skirting the hedge-rows by the lane that led to Fawley, and scarcely distinguishable under their shadow, the human wild-beast strided on in scent of its quarry. It was night when Jasper once more reached the moss-grown pales round the demesnes of the old Manor House. In a few minutes he was standing under the black shadow of the buttresses to the unfinished pile. His object was not then to assault, but to reconnoitre. He prowled round the irregular walls, guided in his survey, now and then, faintly by the stars—more constantly and clearly by the lights from the contiguous Manor House—more especially the light from that high chamber in the gable, close by which ran the thin frame-work of wood which linked the two buildings of stone, just as any frail scheme links together the Past, which man has not enjoyed, with the Future he will not complete. Jasper came to a large bay unglazed window, its sill but a few feet from the ground, from which the boards, nailed across the mullions, had been removed by the workmen whom Darrell had employed on the interior, and were replaced but by a loose tarpaulin. Pulling aside this slight obstacle, Jasper had no difficulty in entering through the wide mullions into the dreary edifice. Finding himself in profound darkness, he had recourse to a lucifer-box which he had about him, and the waste of a dozen matches sufficed him to examine the ground. He was in a space intended by the architect for the principal stair-case; a tall ladder, used by the recent workmen, was still left standing against the wall, the top of it resting on a landing-place opposite a door-way, that, from the richness of its half-finished architrave, obviously led to what had been designed for the state apartments; between the pediments was a slight temporary door of rough deal planks. Satisfied with his reconnoitre, Losely quitted the skeleton pile and retraced his steps to the inn he had left. His musings by the way suggested to him the expediency, nay, the necessity, of an accomplice. Implements might be needed—disguises would be required—swift horses for flight to be hired—and, should the robbery succeed, the bulk of the spoil would be no doubt in bank-notes, which it would need some other hand than his own to dispose of, either at the bank next morning at the earliest hour, or by transmission abroad. For help in all this Jasper knew no one to compare to Cutts; nor did he suspect his old ally of any share in the conspiracy against him, of which he had been warned by Mrs. Crane. Resolving, therefore, to admit that long-tried friend into his confidence and a share of the spoils, he quickened his pace, arrived at the railway-station in time for a late train to London, and, disdainful of the dangers by which he was threatened in return to any of the haunts of his late associates, gained the dark court wherein he had effected a lodgment on the night of his return to London, and roused Cutts from his slumbers with tales of an enterprise so promising, that the small man began to recover his ancient admiration for the genius to which he had bowed at Paris, but which had fallen into his contempt in London.

Mr. Cutts held a very peculiar position in that section of the great world to which he belonged. He possessed the advantage of an education superior to that of the generality of his companions, having been originally a clerk to an Old Bailey attorney, and having since that early day accomplished his natural shrewdness by a variety of speculative enterprises both at home and abroad. In these adventures he had not only contrived to make money, but, what is very rare with the foes of law, to save it. Being a bachelor, he was at small expenses; but besides his bachelor's lodging in the dark court, he had an establishment in the heart of the City, near the Thames, which was intrusted to the care of a maiden sister as covetous and as crafty as himself. At this establishment, ostensibly a pawnbroker's, were received the goods which Cutts knew at his residence in the court were to be sold a bargain, having been obtained for nothing. It was chiefly by this business that the man had enriched himself. But his net was one that took in fishes of all kinds. He was a general adviser to the invaders of law. If he shared in the schemes he advised, they were so sure to be successful that he enjoyed the highest reputation for luck. It was but seldom that he did actively share in those schemes—lucky in what he shunned as in what he performed. He had made no untruthful boast to Mrs. Crane of the skill with which he had kept himself out of the fangs of justice. With a certain portion of the police he was indeed rather a favorite; for was any thing mysteriously "lost," for which the owner would give a reward equal to its value in legal markets, Cutts was the man who would get it back. Of violence he had a wholesome dislike; not that he did not admire force in others—not that he was physically a coward—but that caution was his predominant characteristic. He employed force when required—set a just value on it—would plan a burglary, and dispose of the spoils; but it was only where the prize was great and the danger small that he lent his hand to the work that his brain approved. When Losely proposed to him the robbery of a lone country house, in which Jasper, making light of all perils, brought prominently forward the images of some thousands of pounds in gold and notes, guarded by an elderly gentleman, and to be approached with ease through an uninhabited building—Cutts thought it well worth personal investigation. Nor did he consider himself bound, by his general engagement to Mrs. Crane, to lose the chance of a sum so immeasurably greater than he could expect to obtain from her by revealing the plot and taking measures to frustrate it. Cutts was a most faithful and intelligent agent when he was properly paid, and had proved himself so to Mrs. Crane on various occasions. But then, to be paid *properly* meant a gain greater in serving than he could get in not serving. Hitherto it had been extremely lucrative to obey Mrs. Crane in saving Jasper from crime and danger. In this instance the lucre seemed all the other way. Accordingly, the next morning, having filled a saddle-bag with sundry necessaries, such as files, picklocks, masks—to which he added a choice selection of political tracts and newspapers—he and Jasper set out on two hired but strong and fleet hackneys to the neighborhood of Fawley. They put up at a town on the other side of the Manor House from that by which Jasper had approached it, and at about the same distance. After baiting their steeds, they proceeded to Fawley by the silent guide of a finger-post, gained the vicinity of the park, and Cutts, dismounting, flitted across the turf, and plunged himself into the hollows of the unfinished mansion, while Jasper took charge of the horses in a corner of the wooded lane. Cutts, pleased by the survey of the forlorn interior, ventured, in the stillness that reigned around, to mount the ladder, to apply a picklock to the door above, and opening this with ease, crept into the long gallery, its walls covered with pictures. Through the crevices in another door at the extreme end gleamed a faint light. Cutts applied his eye to the chinks and keyhole, and saw that the light came from a room on the other side the narrow passage which connected the new house with the old. The door of that room was open, candles were on the table, and beside the table Cutts could distinguish the outline of a man's form seated—doubtless the owner; but the form did not seem "elderly." If inferior to Jasper's in physical power, it still was that of vigorous and unbroken manhood. Cutts did not like the appearance of that form, and he retreated to outer air with some misgivings. However, on rejoining Losely, he said, "As yet things look promising—place still as death—only one door locked, and that the common country lock, which a school-boy might pick with his knife."

"Or a crooked nail," said Jasper.

"Ay, no better picklock in good hands. But there are other things besides locks to think of."

Cutts then hurried on to suggest that it was just the hour when some of the workmen employed on the premises might be found in the Fawley public house; that he should ride on, dismount there, and take his chance of picking up details of useful information as to localities and household. He should represent himself as a commercial traveler on his road to the town they had quitted; he should take out his cheap newspapers and tracts; he should talk politics—all workmen love politics, especially the politics of cheap newspapers and tracts. He would rejoin Losely in an hour or so.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. K. D. (Charlestown, Mass.).—Your solution to Problem II. is quite right; as also are those of A. O. W., C. D., F. R., and G. H. Problems wherein the stipulations are to mate within a given number of moves, are looked upon in the light of *end games;* therefore the same rules which govern play across the board are alike applicable to them.

N. C. R. (Philadelphia).—Received with pleasure. Position in common with that sent last week, and, in much other good company, stands over for attention in due order.

E. J. G.—Very pretty indeed. We give you place readily—the more so as it is not too difficult; having some on hand that are scarcely *soluble* without the aid of *nitric acid!*

S. W. D. (Philadelphia).—Amended position shall have attention. You will perceive that there is no error in our No. 2; and, in fact, we don't mean to have any errors at all in this column. If you want any thing in that line we must refer you elsewhere.

L. D.—We do not like the spirit in which your letter is written. In Chess there should be no feelings of nationality; and among good and true players there are none. In our opinion, *and his own,* Mr. Morphy has been throughout treated with the most perfect courtesy and respect during his stay in Europe. You go too far, also, in quoting Mr. P. M. as a *sample* of American chess-play; whereas he is a sort of brilliant meteor among the whole constellation of his fellow-luminaries. "My eyes! what tails we've got!" as the fixed star said to the comet. If we are not much mistaken, by-the-way, before *our* comet returns home there will be a perfect galaxy of *fixed* stars left behind him!

P. S. (Walnut Hill, near Lexington, Ky.).—Your letter is received with much pleasure. Solution all right, of course. Pray do us the favor to send a blindfold game between those little prodigies of yours. (A son of eleven and a daughter of ten years!) It would be alike interesting to ourselves and readers.

H. F. B. (Philadelphia).—Shall have early attention; as also J. P. M., L. M. P., "JACOBUS," and some others.

R. M. C. (Smithfield, Va.).—The King can not Castle out of Check, and your opponent has not a leg to stand upon. As to doing so, and "taking the consequences," it is all stuff and nonsense. He might shoot you and say the same thing.

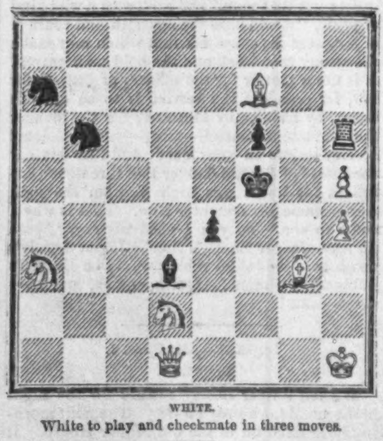
J. L. (Lowell, Mass.).—Glad to find that a Chess-Club is on the eve of establishment in what you term your *City of Spindles.* Long may it *waive!*

"DRAW GAME" (Philadelphia).—You must really obtain some elementary work, and *exhibit* it in small doses, or ask some old lady in your neighborhood. Any one, we should think, could answer your queries who had ever attempted to play a single game.

PROBLEM III.

BY E. J. G., OF FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM II.

	WHITE.	BLACK.
1.	P to Kt 5	P moves
2.	B to K Kt	P moves
3.	R to K 3	K moves
4.	R to K 5, double check and mate.	

CHESS IN PARIS. *Signal triumph of the American Champion, Paul Morphy.*—The great match, Harrwitz *vs.* Morphy, has been just brought to a conclusion, which, although satisfactory in the completest manner as an evidence of Mr. M.'s superior skill, bears with it a circumstance to be regretted in the inability of Mr. H., in consequence of continued indisposition, to play out the number of games stipulated in the agreement. The final state of the score, on the resignation of Mr. Harrwitz, stood as follows: Morphy 5, Harrwitz 2, drawn 1. Considering that Mr. Morphy's five games were scored consecutively, it is obvious that Mr. H. was decidedly overmatched; and that even had Mr. M.'s friends permitted him to extend a further term for delay of fifteen days, as suggested by Mr. H.'s advisers, no conceivable result than that of defeat was likely to ensue. The game which we now print is the sixth game occurring in this world-renowned encounter.

GAME V.

(Philidor's defense.)

	WHITE, *Morphy.*	BLACK, *Harrwitz.*
1.	P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2.	K Kt to K B 3d	P to Q 3d
3.	P to Q 4th	P takes P
4.	Q takes P	K Kt to K B 3d
5.	P to K 5th	P takes P
6.	Q takes Q (ch)	K takes Q
7.	K Kt takes P.	Q B to K 3d
8.	Q Kt to Q B 3d	K B to Q 3d
9.	K Kt to Q B 4th	Q B takes Kt
10.	K B takes B	K R to K sq (ch)
11.	Q B to K 3d	K to K 2d
12.	Castles on Q side.	P to Q R 3d
13.	Q B to K Kt 5th (a)	Q Kt to Q 2d
14.	Kt to K 4th	P to K R 3d
15.	Q B takes Kt (ch)	Kt takes B
16.	Kt takes B	P takes Kt
17.	K R to K sq (ch)	K to K B sq
18.	R takes R (ch)	Kt takes R
19.	B to Q 5th	R to Q Kt sq
20.	B to K B 3d	P to K Kt 3d
21.	P to Q B 3d	K to K 2d
22.	R to K sq (ch)	K to K B sq
23.	K to Q B 2d	Kt to Q B 2d
24.	K to Q Kt 3d	Kt to K 3d
25.	K to Q R 4th	P to Q Kt 3d
26.	P to Q Kt 4th	K to K 2d
27.	R to K 3d	K to Q 2d
28.	B to Q 5th	P to K R 4th
29.	P to K R 4th	R to K sq
30.	K to Q Kt 2d	R to K Kt sq
31.	R to K B 3d	K to K 2d
32.	P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 4th
33.	B takes Kt	K takes B
34.	K to Q B 4th	P to K Kt 4th
35.	K to Q Kt 5th	P takes Q Kt P
36.	Q B P takes P	P takes K R P
37.	K takes P	R to Q Kt sq (ch)
38.	K to Q R 5th	K to Q 4th
39.	R to Q 3d (ch)	K to Q B 5th
40.	R takes Q P	R takes Q Kt P
41.	R to Q 4th (ch) (b)	K takes R
42.	K takes R	P to K B 4th
43.	P to K B 4th	K to K 6th
44.	P to Q R 5th	K to K B 7th
45.	P to Q R 6th	K takes K Kt P
46.	P to Q R 7th	P to K R 6th
47.	P "Queens" (ch)	K to K Kt sq
48.	Q to K B 3d	

And Black resigns.

NOTES.

(a) No rest for the wicked. Mr. M. attacks at all points as near simultaneously as possible.

(b) After this admirable and most effective coup the game is won by force.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Every man ought to pay his debts, if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor, if he can. Every man ought to get married, if he can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers, if he can. Every wife should please her husband, if she can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue, if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth, if he can. Every man ought to mind his own business and let other people's alone, if he can.

◆

A GOOD PLAN.—A friend of ours had a better method of sending money by mail than that of registering the letter at the Post-Office. When he is lucky enough to have money to send to his friends through the mail, he places a large *black* seal upon the letter, and writes underneath *in haste!* Such letters always get to their destination in safety.

THE LIBELERS OF THE FAIR SEX.

Men do not libel women one half as much as women do. Here is a proof of it:

BOSOM FRIEND. "Do you mean to tell me that she never fainted?"

INTIMATE ACQUAINTANCE. "No—never tried even! and there never was so good an opportunity!"

BOSOM FRIEND *(triumphantly).* "Then she's reserving herself. You may be sure she has some other faint in view."

◆

WOMAN'S CONSTANT TORMENT.—Dust.

MAN'S GREATEST PLAGUE.—A woman continually brushing the same.

◆

NUTS FOR POOR MEN.—It costs a deal of money to be rich, and it is a question if so much is worth so little? After all, is wealth worth the cost, first in acquiring it, next in supporting it, and, lastly, in bearing up under it, when you have lost it?"

EVENING FASHIONS.

EMILY. "Shall you dress much to-night, dear?"

LILIAN. "No—as little as possible—I am going to a ball."

A SERENADE TO THE COMET.

AIR—"*Com' e Gentil.*"

Comet genteel!
Pray, how do you feel?
Is't annoying to bear
The popular stare.
You are spied and pursued
In a manner most rude;
For every night
We at you take a sight.
We watch your movements, Comet, as though you were the Queen,
And stare you out of countenance whene'er you're to be seen.

Comet, ladies genteel
Can bear a good deal
In the way of a stare,
If their faces are fair;
But possibly you
Dislike being on view,
And perhaps our rude gaze
Makes you red in the face.
If you would 'scape our staring, Comet, wear a vail;
Or get your friend, the Dog-star to bite off your tail!

◆

Spurgeon sometimes comes out with a good thing. "Brethren," said he, "if God had referred the Ark to a Committee on Naval Affairs, it's my opinion it wouldn't have been built yet!"

◆

A testy lawyer lately, in one of our courts, found himself bothered with a knotty witness who wouldn't explain, as he desired, the difference between the "thick" and "long" kinds of whalebone.

"Why, man," he said, "you don't seem to know the distinction between thick and long."

"Ya'as, I dew."

"Explain it, then."

"Wa'al, you're plaguy thick-headed, but you ain't long-headed, no haow!" said Greeny.

◆

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated, said that it only required two *seconds* to fight a duel.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, Oct.* 25, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 23, 1858	$3,047,960....	$937,137
Corresponding week, 1857	2,807,332....	1,774,844
Increase	$240,628	
Decrease		$837,707

The export of specie was $401,866. The banks hold to-day, in all probability, $28,200,000; the Sub-Treasury, $9,605,817; and there is an arrival nearly due from California. Money continues to rule at unprecedently low rates, some transactions having been made as low as 2½ per cent. Good short mercantile paper can readily be done at 4 per cent.; and 6 months paper at 6. Exchange on Europe is quiet, without alteration in price.

Stocks have been active throughout the week, and prices have advanced. There is considerable demand for state stocks and railroad bonds for investment; and "fancy stocks" have sympathized to some extent. The advance in some descriptions, as in Illinois Central, Michigan preferred, Panama, Rock Island, New York Central has been quite considerable. The market closed on Saturday with considerable buoyancy. The following table will show the movement of the fortnight in this class of securities:

	Oct. 9.	Oct. 16.	Oct. 23.
New York Central	83¼	83¾	86½
Erie	15¼	15½	15¼
Hudson	28	28½	31¼
Reading	49¼	50¾	51¾
Panama	116¾	118½	121½
Michigan Southern	23¾	24	24½
Michigan Southern, preferred	48½	51¼	54¼
Michigan Central	54¾	55¾	59
Galena	84½	82¾	83
Rock Island	66½	65½	69¼
Toledo	32	34½	34¾
Illinois Central	78½	82	85
Pacific Mail	102	104¾	106

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, Oct.* 25, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been freely supplied with the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, and prices have generally tended downward. The demand has been restricted, home dealers having been the principal purchasers. Toward the close Flour and Wheat attracted more attention, and sellers exhibited less eagerness to realize....Cotton has been less freely dealt in at about previous figures....Provisions have been moderately dealt in, and prices have not varied remarkably....Groceries have been in fair demand, including Sugars and Molasses, which have favored buyers....Hay is more abundant, and is a shade lower....Hemp, Hops, and Seeds continue depressed....Hides have arrived very freely, and have declined ½ @ 1 c. per pound....Leather, Naval Stores, and Oils have been in moderate request....Tobacco and Wool have been pretty freely purchased at full rates....The Dry Goods Trade is dull. Cottons are in fair supply at about previous prices, but there is no general, nor is there any active inquiry for them. Woolens are partially neglected, and prices rule very low. Foreign Goods are very sparingly sought after. Really desirable styles are not pressed on the market. Prices are generally firm for these. Other descriptions are depressed and unsettled. Auction sales of any importance have nearly ceased. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $943,592 against $914,211 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $50,426,086 against $84,879,789 the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl	$3 00	@	$4 00
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 20	@	4 70
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 20	@	4 75
Extra Western, per barrel	4 50	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 00	@	7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 80	@	6 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 00	@	9 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	3 15	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	4 15	@	4 85
White Wheat, per bushel	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	66½	@	1 15
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	65	@	66
Rye, per bushel	70	@	72
Barley, per bushel	80	@	1 00
Western Oats, per bushel	46	@	49
State Oats, per bushel	44	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	39	@	43
Southern Oats, per bushel	35	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 40	@	16 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 10	@	14 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@	10 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound	10	@	10½
State Butter, per pound	15	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	18
Cheese, per pound	5½	@	8¾
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@	7¾
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	22	@	28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	8¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	37½	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	26	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	22½
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	15
Hops, per pound, 1857	4	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds	50	@	70
Tallow, per pound	—	@	10
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 81¼	@	4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	49	@	50
Tar, per barrel	2 12½	@	2 50
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 65	@	1 70
Linseed Oil, per gallon	65	@	68
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	30	@	52
" Pulled Wool	30	@	40

Stocks of several Articles in New York about Oct. 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	963	1,113
Coffee, packages	107,800	27,802
Cotton, bales	6,332	14,370
Dyewoods, tons	1,683	1,050
Hemp, tons	311	425
Hemp, bales	11,056	23,913
Hides, number	238,177	73,134
Leather, Sole, sides	159,300	177,450
Molasses, hogsheads	18,647	8,395
Molasses, tierces and barrels	12,160	2,350
Pork, barrels	16,225	20,547
Beef, tierces and barrels	5,868	1,840
Rice, tierces	2,748	1,465
Rice, bags	2,708	253
Sugars, hogsheads	67,683	35,051
Sugars, bags	15,457	4,000
Sugars, boxes	22,705	36,671
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	7,062	11,741
Tobacco, Crude, bales	11,844	9,703
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs	50,109	28,443
Turpentine, Crude, barrels	unknown.	3,000

Total Exports of Teas from all Ports in China to United States for the year ending July 1.

	1856. Pounds.	1857. Pounds.	1858. Pounds.
Total Green	24,358,574	17,386,721	18,002,586
Total Black	15,277,304	7,918,575	11,732,682

Freights were quoted firmer, but not active. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 4½d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; and Heavy Goods, 10s. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 700.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were dull and heavy for Beeves....Milch Cows were in fair demand at steady rates....Veal Calves were less sought after at drooping prices....Sheep and Lambs were depressed....Swine were inactive and less valuable....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending Oct. 13.	Week ending Oct. 20.
Beeves	4,652	4,971
Milch Cows	235	212
Veal Calves	658	680
Sheep and Lambs	15,048	12,431
Swine	17,655	18,338

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 5	@	$ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	1 87	@	5 00
" " per pound	3½	@	5½
Live Swine, per pound	4¾	@	5
Dressed " "	5¾	@	6¼
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets exhibited no important change. Supplies and demand fair. Prices of the principal commodities were unaltered.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$1 00	@	$ 4 00
Pears, " "	4 00	@	20 00
Peaches, per basket	1 50	@	4 50
Grapes, per pound	2	@	13
Quinces, per barrel	3 00	@	4 50
Citron, per 100	1 25	@	4 00
Beans, per bushel	1 10	@	1 75
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 25	@	2 50
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	1 75
Turnips, per barrel	75	@	1 25
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per bushel	30	@	50
Cabbage, per 100	1 50	@	4 50
Cabbage, Red, per dozen	87	@	1 00
Parsnips, per 100 bunches	2 00	@	2 50
Cranberries, per barrel	8 00	@	14 00
Pumpkins, per 100	4 00	@	6 00
Spinach, per barrel	50	@	—
Tomatoes, per bushel	37	@	43
Celery, per dozen bunches	62	@	87
Egg Plants, per dozen	37	@	50
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 50	@	—
Cauliflowers, per dozen	50	@	1 75
Salad, per dozen heads	20	@	30
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 00	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	18	@	22
Eggs, Western, per dozen	16	@	18
Chickens, per pair	50	@	75
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair	50	@	1 25
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Geese, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 50
Woodcock, per dozen	3 75	@	4 25
Partridge, per pair	62½	@	87½
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	87½
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	3 00
Reed Birds, per dozen	62½	@	87½

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